The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

VOL. VII.—NO. 16. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1871. WHOLE NO. 174.

The Poet's Corner.

TO AN EVENING ROSE.

Your tears, my evening rose,
  Speak for you. I can almost hear them say:
Day cometh all too soon into the close—
  My sweetheart maketh haste to be away;
  Ah! not for all my weeping will he stay.

This blessed morn of grace—
  The memory still my pain almost deceives—
He lapped his yellow locks about my face,
  And kissed and kissed me deep among my leaves;
  Is it a wonder such forsaking grieves?

Nay, my lamenting flower,
  But for sad solace hear me tell you this;
After the lapse of just a little hour,
  There cometh ending of all earthly bliss,
  No matter howsoever dear it is.

I had a sweetheart, too,
  And loved him with a love surpassing thine;
But when my life was gone out of the dew,
  And lost the blushes that did make me fine,
  His mouth with smiles for me did cease to shine.

And when my poor sick heart
  Had burned itself to ashes, and was dead,
So that no ruddy drop might ever start
  And run into my cheeks, and make them red,
  My soul and I took counsel, and we said:

If not on this low earth,
  Then somewhere—in the heavens, in the sky—
This life-long travail surely must give birth
  To love too vital, with God's grace to die;
  And we got comfort so, my soul and I.

ALICE CARY.

THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS.

I hear from many a little throat,
  A warble interrupted long;
I hear the robin's flute-like note,
  The blue bird's slenderer song.

Brown meadows and the russet hill,
  Not yet the haunt of grazing herds,
And thickets by the glimmering rill
  Are all alive with birds.

O Choir of spring, why come so soon?
  On leafless grove and herbless lawn?
Warm lie the yellow beams of noon;
  Yet winter is not gone.

For frost shall sheet the pools again,
  Again the blustering east shall blow;
Whirl a white tempest through the glen,
  And load the pines with snow.

Stay, for a tint of green shall creep
  Soon o'er the orchard's grassy floor,
And from its bed the crocus peep
  Beside the housewife's door.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH.

Is this the only tribute we should pay—
  These funeral flowers that on his bier belong!
  Himself a singer, he deserves a song;
But who has any heart to sing to-day?
Should any stranger chance to come this way,
  And view, with tearless eyes, this lump of earth,
  And call for witness to its living worth—
O, loving are the words we then could say!
But since to make a memory for our dead,
  His virtues—Truth, Faith, Honor, and the rest—
With one loud-chanted requiem all have said,
  "Behold, our chosen dwelling was his breast!"
Since tongues like these have spoken, dumb be ours!
So let us sweetly leave him with his flowers.

THEODORE TILTON.

Our Special Contributors.

A STORY AND NO STORY.

BY SHIRLEY DARE.

"Some of the happiest days of my life were passed as a nursery-maid."

I looked at the professor's wife in that polite way we have of regarding friends as possible monomaniacs, when they give us their really unique and personal confidences.

"You didn't wear chrysophrase rings and French cashmere suits then," I said, with incredulity.

"No, and I liked these fashionable things more than I do now; still I recollect no phase of my life that was so peaceful or so satisfactory in my retrospect. I wasn't far from twenty and no matter what made me leave school to look for work, I hated to leave the city. There was something that enriched me in the neighborhood of its museums and library and art gallery. My spare Saturdays were divided at school, between visits to a large green-house, and the artists' receptions or matinees. I was feeding myself on beauty and thought and color. The country had given me all it could till I could return something more to it from my own feelings, and the presence of these art influences seemed life itself. I could not leave them; yet employment was hard to find. I wanted to be private teacher or governess, like all romantic girls; but advertisements for such positions, or even copying, or the post of 'companion to be generally useful,' brought no satisfactory returns.

"Half a dozen letters, in various forms of brief insult, written, I suppose, by the clerks to whom my advertisement was handed, came in to me one day; but nobody saw them but myself. They were burned in angry silence. One or two ladies wished for a governess; but I was too crude to suit them. Some one mentioned in my hearing that a friend wanted a seamstress, as the woman who filled that place since her marriage was dead. My resolve was instant; my ambitious schemes were thrown aside in a breath. I asked the direction, and in a sort of curiosity to see what would turn out, went through the pleasant streets of the college town that September morning.

"As I rang the bell of a bracketed cottage on Professors' Row, where piazzas and flower borders jutted on a shady garden, I said to myself, 'This place suits me; I shall try to keep it.'

"The next week I was doing the family mending in the nursery in my own low chair at a south window overlooking the garden. That lovely, quiet, neglected garden! All the summer-like days of September and October I took my work down to the old settee among the borders, where I could glance up to the golden willows quivering against the blue, and fill my heart with the beauty and peace that surrounded me. The family were young and kind, but strict housekeepers, with two small children. I only told my master when he hired me, that I had not been at service before, but I would try my best to suit."

"Your master?"

"Yes, I never thought of my employers in any other way than as my master and mistress. There was a sort of proprietary feeling in the words that implied loyalty and protection on either side. They were cultivated people, much beyond me in every way, and I delighted in their refinement and grace as if they belonged somehow to me. They were proud, too, with high, old blood and kindred over the water; but their pride did not jar with mine; I was content with my place in their house. My fancies and tastes made a world entirely independent of the sewing girl's chair and meals in the kitchen. The association with other servants was the hard thing that stirred every fibre of my body with antipathy; but I had prudence to conceal it. After all, I had met ruder people in the country, and been amused with them; and if association with my high-bred mistress would not counteract my occasional contact with them, I was not of so good quality as I thought myself. There were the cook, a neat Irish woman of the better class, the parlor girl, a low-bred Yankee, fond of cheap dancing school and firemen's balls, but very submissive to her employers, and the nurse proper, a Nova Scotia woman, well nigh as particular as the mistress herself. They were good, respectful servants; indeed, our curly-haired master would not have tolerated any other. Everything in the house was done by routine, and mistakes were only excused once. But we were made to feel tacitly that faithful work was appreciated.

"'That is very neatly done,' my master told me the first day, when I bound a frayed rug as good as new, and that word of praise was a cordon of honor to me. My hours were from seven till seven daily, and I was expected to be in my chair as the clock struck in the morning. There were small, rose-colored frocks to make for the shy, pale girl of three, and embroidered waists for the imperious, flashing-eyed boy of five, dresses to alter and make for the mistress, and a great basket of clothes to look over, assort and mend, every week after the wash, and embroidery for my lady, to fill up odd hours. Once a fortnight I took care of the children while the nurse had her day out and half of each Sunday. Sometimes I had to brush my lady's beautiful, long black hair, while she read or chatted with me. She was very frank and easy with her servants, but never familiar. She talked to me of topics in the papers and new books from Loring's, and days when we were busy over wardrobes together, would speak of her young days, more for the pleasure to herself than to me, I dare say; but it was sweet to hear whatever she said. Evenings were my own. Then I took my own book from Loring's out

of the work-drawer or my letter-case, and was happy, with the shaded light and the rose-canopied cribs of the little ones next door in my care. I could hear the music from the drawing room, and the polished, courteous voices of gentlemen and ladies on their way out and in, and the lovely heads and delicate dresses escaped to the nursery sometimes to look at the children, and I saw *them*. They were such people as edged the society I had been in, but not intimate with the folks of small income, the petty governesses and shop-keepers daughters, who formed my proper class. Their ways and looks were an education to me, all the more felt for that strain of good blood that was my inheritance as truly as theirs. Indeed, it used to support me a little to think of Sir Hugh, my ancestor, whose history and pride came through very commonplace links of a long chain to me; now I should be quite as self-balanced without him. On my fine Saturdays—what luxuries they were then—I was off to my old haunts, the galleries or the libraries, learning absolutely more than before—storing visions away for weeks to come. My mistress always looked to see if I took rubbers and umbrella before going on damp days, a trifling care that showed more interest than many women have for their underlings. 'Well, Mary, I hope you had a pleasant time,' was my return greeting, and she seldom came into the nursery without some kindly spoken word for my monotony. My master gave me leave to take a book when I chose from the house library, provided I always told its name, and kept it in the nursery. My attic room was shared with the parlor girl, a nuisance I need not have endured if I had stipulated for a room alone beforehand; but I forgot in my inexperience. Every atom of flesh crawled at the idea of her society, but I braved it out and was mightily pleased when my cold water slopping every morning led her to emulate my personal care. By-and by she did ask the loan of a white muslin waist to wear at dancing school, and it was a struggle to lend it; but the waist was too fine for my use now, and would give the poor girl a great pleasure, so my pennyworth of religion and ladyhood together said give it to her. Perhaps that bit of condescension led to one hearty good service from the cook, who had a real respect for me. Of course I did my own small washing in the neat, well appointed laundry, which was just as well kept, in its way, as the dining-room; and twice I forgot to bring in the clothes line. The first time I was warned by the master that if it happened again I should have to buy a new line, but two weeks after, I came down stairs as it began to rain, and Ann said, 'Where's your clothes line?' I was aghast, for I had surely forgotten it that afternoon, and the mortification of my carelessness was more than I could face. She burst out laughing at my dismay, 'Here it is for you. I slipped out and took it in for you before it took a drop of rain.' So by her kindness I escaped the heaviest penalty due my misdeeds while there. One of the first Sundays I was in the house there was a sad rebuke for me; the master's fine undershirt had not been mended, and he was obliged to go without it. The look of regret and wonder with which my error was explained would have befitted a serious folly. It was not really my fault, as I had been told I need not look over the clothes that week, but I gave up trying to explain it, and submitted quietly to be in disgrace that day. The next morning I was up at five, and had the shirt exquisitely mended with floss and lambswool to send down to his dressiug-room before he was up. It was a duty not at all required of me, and quite restored my standing.

"The children soon grew pleased with me, but the sharpest blow came from that bright beautiful boy. He was quite friendly with me, and the first Sunday I was thoughtless enough to ask him for a kiss. A haughty look came into his face, and he said coolly, 'I don't kiss anybody but ladies!' I could not say one word. I sat down in my sewing-chair, and the hot tears scalded my cheeks. Not a lady anymore! I did not sob nor sigh; but those tears were very bitter. I fancy his father heard the boy from his own room, for a little while after he came in, and without referring to anything that had passed said a few encouraging words that put my self-respect on a surer basis than even before. I recall but one thing, 'I consider my servants just as good as myself'—if he had stopped there I should not have believed him—'if they are as good,' set the matter right before me of the proportionate respect due myself and him. I was easy about my standing after that. With the world I had absolutely nothing to do. My best friends understood my motives, and allowed it to make no difference. For the rest I had a sublime contempt.

"Now, I have only to say that if I were a young woman compelled to choose an occupation of the same grade as country schoolteacher, I would far rather accept a servant's place in a good family, where protection and security would be insured me. Very few people can help treating a good servant well, and if she can appreciate them, better rooms will be given her, and privileges which will make such a position very different from what it is now. I had no expenses while at service compared with those at school. There was no board bill to eat up my earnings, and my dress was becomingly simple, a fresh print for every day, and black alpaca for Sunday, just such an inexpensive style as I should like to indulge in now, if the wishes of my friends were not so strongly expressed in favor of a more pretentious toilet. I remember hearing a gentlemen visiting at the house, say to my mistress in a tone of perfect respect, 'How perfectly refined your seamstress is in her trim black and white! I should like to see my sister look as well.'

"My everyday life was as quiet and comfortable as it had been at boarding-school; the food was better, and my room certainly as good as the faded dormitory where four of us school-girls used to sleep together. Many a time since, I confess to have looked back regretfully to the heartsease growing in the valley of humiliation. Never can I forget those peaceful noons at my embroidery in the garden, with the golden willow glancing against the sweet sky, and the fragrance of mignonette and late grapes rising from the borders of the wall. If I am any better off to-day, it is only because one thing after another was put into my hands not because I sought them, and after all, no place to me was ever so completely or satisfyingly filled as the lowest. He who can fill a servant's place well takes the first step toward becoming a ruler."

THE ART OF CONVERSATION—HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES.

BY H. C. INGERSOLL.

Somewhere I have read that the *art of conversation* is not cultivated by American women; that the parlors of America are an immeasurable distance behind the salons of France, as represented in the biographies of Madames De Stael, Recamier, and others of that period. We do not know that the friends of Margaret Fuller, and the kindred spirits that she drew around her in her Boston "conversations" would admit the truth of this statement. It is a question that would be difficult to settle, as none of us lived in that day to hear the good talking done then, so we are not able to compare it with what we hear now. The good writing that is done in this day, and that lies on every parlor table, in the pages of the newspaper and the magazine, unquestionably prevents much conversation in the form of disquisition and harangue, to which a former generation cordially listened; but with which the present would simply be bored. The man, or woman of intelligence and earnestness of this day, with cherished views to promulgate, would simply direct one to such and such an article in the *Atlantic* or the *Tribune*, as expressing the right ideas, and the hearer would much prefer going to the print which gives the best thought in the best way; which he could read, too, at his leisure, than to gather the ideas in the more imperfect and inconvenient method of listening to a talker. Gone are the days of much of old-fashioned conversation—exchanged for the printed page.

Still, talking will never be quite out of date; talking, too, that is not speechmaking to the multitude but conversation between two or with a room-full—although printing should be multiplied even more than it is now. Conversation, as an art, is well worth attention, and will be as long as human beings are made on the present plan.

It has often seemed to me that it would be very possible to teach the art of conversation in schools to a certain extent. Of course, I do not mean that young ladies or young gentlemen can be taught originality, wit, or genius; I mean that the share which all human beings possess of these things can, through instruction, be made more available to them than without it.

Facility and correctness in the use of language might be promoted by requiring of each pupil the relation, in her own words, of some familiar story, for which, any preparation might be allowed, except writing and memorizing. Sometimes a purely descriptive exercise might be required. Sometimes the proper relation of a humorous event. Sometimes argument; and I am not sure that there may not be found a way of talking gossip that would be harmless and edifying. I think I have known some rare individuals that have attained that art, although, as a rule, gossip does *not* form even a part of anything that deserves the name of conversation.

There are different and distinct styles of good conversationalists. I remember, just now, a judge of an Eastern court, who might be called a good talker from the faculty which he possessed of telling "a little story" like Abraham Lincoln. It would not have been enough that almost everything that occurre d

before him, or that others said to him, reminded him of an anecdote, if he had not known well how to tell his story so that every one could listen without weariness to the relation.

By way of giving to some of my young friends an idea of what I mean by the "art of conversation," I will describe a lady in a New England town, not forty miles from the "Hub," who seems to furnish an illustration to me:

In her early youth, "Miranda," we will give her this name, though she is a real character and has a name of her own,) was so diffident that she was tongue-tied in all company. But she had plenty of brains, ambition, and *will*; so she resolved, in the first place, to overcome the demon of bashfulness; a hard task, requiring so much effort that at first her manners and expressions betrayed the study that she made; but that soon passed away. Miranda cultivated her power of expression by memorizing the best things she read in books, as well as by writing her own thoughts on paper. Grammar was a favorite study with her, *of course*. At twenty, she was pronounced by *all* who met her exceedingly agreeable, and the secret of her charm we will endeavor to describe. In the first place, she studied to adapt herself to all she met. If it is an old man of eighty she leads the conversation to such topics as he is most interested in, such as will draw out the best there is in him, and the same study she gives all—even to a child of three years—laying aside the thoughts and topics to which her own mind most turns, in a generous politeness to others. In the second place, she does *not* deal in *generalities*, which mean nothing in particular. If you ask her about a man or woman whom she knows and you do not, she is never satisfied with answering you in the common way, that they are "agreeable," or "disagreeable," but she conscientiously *defines* them, giving as distinct a picture of the character or manner of people, as she would of a piece of furniture if you had asked its form or color. This alone would make her worth talking with all day. It adds to your knowledge so easily and pleasantly. The same rule holds good with Miranda in describing places which she had seen, and books which she had read. She sees clearly and distinctly, and is not too lazy to report faithfully, so that you may gain a positive picture in your "mind's eye," instead of losing all ideas in commonplace words that safely mean nothing. Like Margaret Fuller, she has a power of mimicry which enables her to do "dramatic justice to everybody's foibles," yet she conscientiously restrains the exercise of the faculty to a very narrow limit, and thus never gives offense. Carrying with her a sort of social optimism, she sees the best side of people, and draws it out, which is surely the most benevolent use of one's conversational powers, as well as the surest way of becoming popular. Beyond the art of being agreeable, there is a purpose in her conversation to make people better, and argument on moral topics makes up a part of her talk; although, with her, argument never becomes disagreeably tenacious. Her belief is that woman's pulpit is in her parlor, yet conversation never becomes preaching with her. Because she is so perfect in the "art" everybody is charmed, everyone lingers as long as possible, and takes away with them a sense of having been stimulated in intellect, improved in sentiment, and elevated in general tone. Of course, all that I have described would not be possible to a woman of ordinary mind and heart; but this woman, with her superior natural capacity, would never have accomplished these first results if she had not first successfully achieved the "art of conversation."

While Miranda has filled out the ideal of conversation to our mind more completely than any one else that we know, we will mention some others who have made themselves charming in society from the possession of a single gift. Lilla has a good-natured, humorous way of "winning," the ludicrous from objects, and then portraying them distinctly to you. She has cultivated her powers of description in this line, and while she fills you with inextinguishable laughter at yourself, herself, or the world in general, she never wounds. She is like Sheridan,

"When humor as gay as the fire-fly's light,
Play'd 'round every object, and shone as it played,
Whose wit in the combat as brilliant as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade."

A rare art, this, to win the droll, the ludicrous, and the absurd, from men and things, without giving offense! They who can do it are ever welcome in society, and they do good.

Stella has an excellent memory for the good things she reads or hears, and is an agreeable conversationalist through that gift. Whatever topic is started it seems perfectly easy for her to tell you in the easiest and most natural way, what an excellent thing some author has said on this very subject. Such a faculty for apt quotation were well worth striving for.

Bella was a celebrated New England lady, thirty or forty years ago. Such was her power to charm the opposite sex, that it used to be said of her that she would receive "twenty-four offers in twenty-four hours." One who had the opportunity of studying into her secret awhile concluded that it lay almost wholly in the flattering power of drawing others out to do their best, by listening so appreciatingly, deferring so charmingly, and making every one feel extremely well satisfied with themselves. Why shouldn't gentlemen admire her—nay, wish to possess her forever?

Not to weary my readers with additional examples of successful conversationalists I will only suggest to those who might despair of filling out the complete picture of Miranda that they study the peculiar gift or aptitude with which Nature may have endowed them, with a determination to cultivate and develop that for the benefit of themselves and society. There are many single and peculiar lines of excellence in conversation, pictures or illustrations of which come up to us now; but we forbear to give them, lest that "quality fatal" with editors and printers of "*too long*," should send this article to the waste basket.

THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF FEMALE INDUSTRIES IN FLORENCE.

BY E. A. C.

Italians only seem to consider America as a Republican Eutopia. It is their perfect ideal of a government—of a machine that is strong in every part, and whose wheels always run smoothly. The existence of our Republic has certainly had great effect in educating the idea of a Republic, not only in Italy, but throughout Europe. Even so the great tide of social influence has swept across the Atlantic and washed up high on the Italian shores.

The doctrines of woman's ability to act in various spheres, of the necessity of her broader education, and of her versatile talents, are taking a step forward in this country, hand in hand with the general progress in the fields of politics, religion, and education. Perhaps in the Italian women themselves is to be found the greatest obstacle to their social elevation.

As a class they are not ambitious; they are educated imperfectly, but unfortunately, they are satisfied with this education, yet we find that there are some signs of hope, and among them is the above mentioned exhibition. The plan of holding this exhibition was originated by a number of ladies belonging to the nobility in Florence, and the country has responded so promptly to the proposition that this first national Italian exhibition of works, produced by female hands, may be fairly considered as a success. The plan of the exhibition has been to classify all the articles, both according to the provinces of the country and the nature of the object.

The charge of the space allotted to each province, being confided to a small sub-committee of ladies, a spacious two-story building has been hired for the purpose, and fitted up with much taste, but at too great an expense, since much money has been expended in decorating the walls and ceilings with paper muslin, so as to give the effect of silk. The variety of these decorations, and the ingenuity shown in their arrangement seems more like an upholsterer's advertisement than either a necessity or a work of art. The trifling fee of ten cents is asked for admittance, and for the benefit of that exclusive society which exists in all countries, but eminently in Italy, two days of the week are set apart when the fee is doubled.

The want of variety in the objects exposed strikes the visitor most painfully, for almost the entire lower half of the building is devoted to needle-work, the sub-divisions being lace, embroidery, worsted work, and copies of drawings made on white silk, with black sewing-silk. The exact reproduction of many old and valuable laces was so perfect as to deceive the eye of an experienced dowager, while some of the worsted work almost equalled tapestries, both in size and delicacy.

The embroidery was by far the most prominent feature of the exhibition, ranging from the labored production of the six year old child to the exquisite specimen of delicacy in a pocket handkerchief, valued at eight hundred dollars. Many other similar pieces of work made one sigh to think how many hours of human life had been lavished upon these almost useless works, not so beautiful in themselves, but interesting as proofs of marvellous delicacy of manipulation.

The silk pictures were artistically beautiful as well as wonderful in their mechanical execution. They gave the appearance of pen and ink drawings, and at the distance of a few feet could not be distinguished from such. The expression even of small faces was attained, the perspective was admirable, and the representation of foliage was truly graceful. These were, perhaps, the cleverest productions of the exhibition. We also noticed some very nice leather work, a few specimens of carved wood and Swiss chalets, made of perforated card-board, bas-relief carvings on egg shells, paintings on cobweb, pictures made from birds, feathers, besides innumerable objects of little interest or value which filled up the exhibition. The second story was devoted principally to art and its criticism would seem, perhaps, severe; but with a few exceptions, the pictures lacked vigor of coloring, aerial perspective, and both novelty and originality of subject. There was, however, harmony of color, and graceful grouping in many works' while one or two crayon drawings and a few pencil drawings were worthy a place in any art exhibition.

Finally, we may say, that as this exhibition bids fair to prove a pecuniary success, we may justly hope it will become annual and will be the means of stimulating Italian women to further efforts, and may, perhaps, create higher, ambitious, and nobler aspirations.

Notes About Women.

—Mrs. Frances E. W. Harper has been lecturing at Straight University, in New Orleans.

—A prudent woman is like a pin. Her head prevents her from going too far.

—Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.

—Gambetta's wife is the daughter of a legitimist leader.

—Miss Nilsson has invested $130,000 in real estate on Otis and Arch streets, Boston.

—We understand that a Woman Suffrage Convention is to be held in Pittsburgh on the 11th and 12th of May.

—Queen Victoria has had nine children and twenty grandchildren, of whom only one has died.

—Miss Mary Helen Boody, of Laconia, N. H., has joined the Boston editorial corps. She has been engaged on *Ballou's Monthly*.

—Two large female seminaries, one at Oxford, Ohio, and one at Paris, Missouri, were recently destroyed by fire.

—Mrs. Lorenzo Ames and Mrs. Moses C. Lyford have been elected members of the School Committee, of Canterbury, N. H.

—Miss Kate Cobb, a student of Ottawa University, has been elected Secretary of the Pioneer Literary Society.

—Young women who marry old men in the expectation of soon burying them, hang themselves hoping that some one will come and cut the halter.

—Subscribers will please take notice that those who renew their subscriptions to THE REVOLUTION now will be credited from the first of June.

—Mary A. Livermore is to lecture next year on three famous historical personages, "Queen Elizabeth," "Xantippe, the Greek Termagant, and "Queen Isabella of Spain."

—Eve was the only woman who never threatened to go and live with mamma. And Adam was the only man who never tantalized his wife about "the way mother used to cook."

—A Boston lady writes, that during the siege of Paris she lost the habit of eating, but does not state whether the loss occasioned her any inconvenience.

—A lady who is reading law has discovered that lotteries are illegal and is in consternation over her marrriage as she says that is the greatest lottery of all.

—Hawthorne, while at Brook Farm, in a letter to a friend, complained that Margaret Fuller's cow hooked the other cows, and made herself ruler of the herd.

—Madame Letitia Bonaparte Wyse died at Rome on the 15th ult. She was a daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, and married Sir Thomas Wyse, the British ambassador to Greece.

—The ladies of Springfield, Illinois, have a beautiful and touching custom. On a never-to-be-forgotten April day, with pious hands and grateful memories, they decorate the tomb of Lincoln by covering it with wreaths of evergreens and flowers.

—Lucretia Mott, Julia Ward Howe, Lillie Devereux Blake and Charlotte B. Wilbour will speak at the Peace Convention to be held in this city, at Cooper Institute, on Wednesday, May 10th.

—Mrs. James T. Fields, wife of the well known Boston publisher, has established in that city a coffee-house, which furnishes nice, wholesome food, coffee and tea, in a clean attractive place, and at the lowest possible prices, thus providing a substitute for the barrooms, into which so many men stray for want of better resorts.

—A new argument has been furnished those women who maintain their right to vote under the Constitution, by philology itself. English is the only language in which "person" is supposed to signify like "citizen" an equality of the sexes, whilst in all other modern languages "person" means pre-eminently a female.

—The following are said to be the rates that are paid to a few foreign and native artists, per night, for single nights: Mme. Parepa Rosa, $500; Mme. Anna Bishop, $150 to $200; Maria Brainard, $50; Miss Hutchings, $50; Miss Kellogg, $350; Adelaide Phillips, $300; M. W. Whitney, $150; Jenny Kempton, $100; Natalie Testa, $100 to $170.

—Fashionable young ladies in Memphis lead pet goats by blue ribbons.

Fashionable young ladies in our city prefer donkeys in the ordinary habiliaments of human beings. Nothing but the blue ribbon is wanting to make the parallel perfect, and we presume they will adopt it immediately.

—Dr. Bella C. Barrows recently performed at Howard Hospital the operation of iridectomy, or excision of a portion of the iris of the eye, in a manner which elicited applause from those who were fortunate enough to witness it—the first operation of the kind ever performed by a woman in this country.

—Efforts are being put forth to make the Woman Suffrage Convention held next week in this city, under the auspices of the National Committee of Washington, the most inspiring occasion of the kind on record. Come, friends from far and near, and lend the support of, numbers, and a hearty enthusiasm to this occasion.

—Madame Schwartz, the Swedish novelist, whose books are coming in favor in this country, is fifty-two years old, and was born in a country town, where her father was a merchant, but died when she was a child. She was well instructed, and in her teens went to Stockholm, to devote herself to the art of painting, where she married, in 1839, the celebrated physiologist, Professor Schwartz.

—The Crown Princess of Prussia has hit upon the admirable idea of founding an order for women, the cross of which is to be bestowed for acts of charity, courage, and devotion. Florence Nightingale, we predict, will be the first member. We hope, also, to see Ida Lewis honored, and would recommend the name of Jane Ann Dunn, the heroic girl who recently rescued several persons from a burning house in Brooklyn, at the risk of her own life.

—The outlook of the woman question was never so bright as now. Women have actually voted in Michigan within the past few weeks, and other brave women are now contesting their right to vote under the fourteenth amendment, in the courts at Washington. Let those who are weary and faint with long waiting and hope deferred, come to our convention to be held at Apollo Rooms, New York, on the 11th and 12th of this month, and gain fresh courage for the final struggle.

—Boston owns Bunker Hill Monument, the frog pond, the big organ, and a young man who smokes $4,000 worth of cigars yearly. Happy, happy Boston!

—We learn from a friend that the Pro and Con Club, of Evanston College, organized for the purpose of discussing woman suffrage, is doing an excellent work. The ladies of the school are rapidly becoming educated and converted on the subject. The next meeting is to be addressed by Gen. J. L. Beneridge, State Senator, on the civil disabilities of women under the laws of Illinois.

—The *True Woman*, the organ of the anti-suffragists has just been started in Baltimore. It opposes woman's rights tooth and nail, and will probably show as much modesty and self-depreciation in the character of its contents as in its name. We have a shrewd suspicion that it will quite unintentionally fight our battles for us.

—"A little girl in London, who sold water-cresses, had a Bible given her by a city missionary. She read it for some weeks and told the minister that she liked the Old Testament better than the New, as as there was "a deal more fun an' fighting in it."

The partiality of some of the blue-light clergy for the Old Testament can perhaps be explained in much the same way.

—Mrs. Celia Burleigh recently received an invitation to preach in one of our city churches, to which she responded in the following characteristic manner:

"I am deeply impressed with the conviction that the nature and experiences of woman fit her in a peculiar manner for the work of the ministry, and while certain that true men will always be needed in the pulpit, it seems to me that true women are needed no less."

We hope Mrs. Burleigh accepted the invitation, for we feel certain she is possessed of those spiritual gifts and graces which tend to edification in the pulpit.

—Miss Susan B. Anthony was recently invited to deliver a poem before the Literary Association of Mt. Morris, New York, on the "Power of the Ballot." We were not before aware that Miss Anthony had ever undertaken to mount Pegasus; but we know if she obtains a seat on the back of the fabled beast, she will hold a taut rein, and use the whip vigorously. Whatever she writes in rhyme or blank verse will be well worth reading and if there is such a production forthcoming we hope to have the privilege of laying it before the readers of THE REVOLUTION.

—The ladies of the principal village of Suffolk county have inaugurated a plan of feeding their fathers, brothers, husbands and lovers, while they attend to matters of state at the polls. At Greenpoint, Sag Harbor and other villages, the churches have been engaged, and all the voters, after they have performed their duties, are to be allowed a square meal.

Miss Bremmer maintained that you can get anything you like from a man—and we suppose the same holds good of the sex collectively—if you only have something good to pop into his mouth. Now, we would suggest to our sisters of Suffolk that the expansion of feelings and of waistcoats, incident to those election dinners, ought to be made a means of grace to their fellow citizens of the male persuasion. Let them administer pudding and political equality, ginger-bread and justice to women, pie and persuasion, fritters and freedom, root beer and radicalism. Would it be more damaging to the manners and morals of the women of Suffolk to accompany the male voters to the polls than to see them feed? We think not.

—We often see announcements of the Heathen Women's Foreign Missionary Society, and it has occurred to us that it would be an admirable thing to start a Heathen Men's Home Missionary organization for the purpose of converting and educating the members of our city government and a few kindred souls.

—An indignant Providence lady sent the following interrogatory to the *Journal* on the morning of the election:

Is it right, is it just, is it constitutional, is it perfectly loyal and gentlemanly, to order the stalwart bell-ringers to break the slumbers of every woman in the city fifteen minutes before sunrise this morning, and then refuse to let her vote?

We hope the above brought all the stiff-necked and pig-headed male voters of Providence Plantations to an awful sense of sin.

—President Woolsey has been compiling the statistics of divorce. Among other things he has found out that in Vermont the ratio of annual divorces to annual marriages foots up for seven years a total of 730 divorces to 15,710 marriages, or a ratio of 1 to 21. In Massachusetts, for a period of four years, there was a total of 1,022 divorces to 45,372 marriages, a ratio of 1 to 44. In Ohio, in 1866, the divorces were 1,169; marriages, 30,479, or a ratio of 1 to 27. In Connecticut, in a period of eight years, the divorces foot up 2,910; marriages, 33,227, a ratio of 1 to 11.

—Low dresses, low in every sense of the word, and excessive champagne drinking are charges which newspaper correspondents bring against New York belles. This charge of drinking among women is preferred so frequently now that one begins to fear there may be some truth in it. The decollete style of dress, carried to extremes, and the breath not so sweet as a bed of violets, but loaded with the fumes of wine, seem to go naturally together. Any girl so lost to shame as to immodestly expose her person in a mixed crowd, is a fair target for suspicion. With the manners and morals of the nineteenth century, it is not safe or decent to adopt the costume of the seventeenth.

—Miss ——, of Columbus, Ohio, will shortly lead to the altar a German prince, captured at one of the Spas last summer.

The above announcement will doubtless create a profound sensation in Columbus, and some years ago might almost have convulsed the Union; but latterly, German princes and Italian counts have so increased and multiplied, it is not quite so easy to set the world agog over them. We understand they are going very cheap, indeed, this spring. No American girl with moneyed attractions should be without one. We would advise such as think of making a purchase of the kind to beware lest she gets his Highness' valet instead of his Highness' self.

—There is a movement on foot in Philadelphia to have separate street cars for ladies, with female conductors.

We wish we could chronicle as healthy a sign of progress in connection with our own city. The wretched occupants of the horse cars, crowded and packed to the last degree, and gasping for a breath of fresh air, always remind us of the "dumb, driven cattle," in Longfellow's line. Mr. Bergh has awakened the moral sense of the community to the iniquity of overcrowding calves and sheep; where shall we find a deliverer for the human beings who suffer kindred tortures in public conveyances?

—Our attention has been directed to an indignant letter on the Contageous Diseases Acts, published in an Edinburgh paper called the *Reformer*. It is from the pen of a workingman, who treats with scorn the insinuation made by some whose interests are enlisted in preventing the repeal of these atrocious acts, that the laboring classes of Great Britain are in favor of their perpetuation. He puts the matter in its true light, when he shows that the envenomed dart is aimed at the honor and freedom of the wives and daughters of those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, while the rich can sin unmolested. He calls upon the workingmen of Great Britain to band themselves together and express their abhorrence of these acts in so determined a manner that those who sit in high places cannot refuse to hear and heed.

—Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis has for some time past been engaged in the preparation of a short and succinct account of the woman movement in this country, from its inception up to the present time. No one can view the landscape o'er with a more practical and experienced eye than Mrs. Davis, knowing the whole story, as she does, from A to Z. The book will be a history in little; containing, among other things, a detailed narrative of the Decade Meeting held in this city last October, with a large number of letters from distinguished sympathizers at home and abroad. It will embrace, also, the majority and minority reports of the House Judiciary Committee on Mrs. Woodhull's Memorial, and details concerning the work of the National Suffrage Committee during the past winter, thus furnishing a valuable book of reference to all who wish to know what has been done in the past and what the present outlook is. The small cost of this valuable little volume (fifty cents per copy) places it within the reach of every one interested in the cause. Orders for the book will be received here at the office of THE REVOLUTION.

—Miss Harriet Hosmer, who undoubtedly knows a thing or two about statutes, has written a letter to the *Tribune*—according to its own conceit the head-centre of art criticism—warmly defending Miss Ream from the aspersions of that journal. Miss Hosmer, who was in Rome during Miss Ream's residence there, declares that she worked hard and used only legitimate means. The *Tribune* writer, who was in or near New York during that period, affirms that she spent her time flitting about and trying her blandishments on cardinals, dignitaries, etc. Miss Hosmer simply disproves some of the personal charges against Miss Ream, but refrains from giving an opinion on the merits of her Lincoln statue as she had a perfect right to do. None of Miss Ream's defenders have ever been so idiotic as to assert that the statue is not a preper object of criticism like the work of any other artist, man or woman. The only fault found is with the very unfair and mean attacks made upon the woman. Dr. Johnson, when he butted up against an unanswerable argument from an antagonist, was wont to get out of the dilemma by resorting to abuse. The *Tribune*, on the same principle, denominates Miss Hosmer's letter as "bad tempered and uncalled for." We, for our part, consider it unexceptionable and admirably well timed, and are rejoiced at the generosity with which a distinguished woman has come to the defence of a sister artist.

WOMAN'S PEACE CONFERENCE.—A Conference of the Woman's Peace Society, inaugurated by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in December last, will be held, commencing at three o'clock, on Thursday afternoon, May 11th, at the house of Miss Mary Gage, No. 26 West 16th street, New York. A general attendance is solicited, as Mrs. Howe will be able on that occasion to present some interesting foreign correspondence on the subject of a World's Peace Congress of Women, and valuable suggestions will be made by humane and thoughtful men and women, concerning the best means of staying the scourge of war, and of introducing an international code of peace.

—Not many years ago, the United States hung John Brown for his efforts to enfranchise the negro race. Now, the Union League Club of New York city is about to erect a statue to the memory of the dead hero, and that statue is to be the work of a woman of the very race for whom John Brown gave his life a willing sacrifice. Edmonia Lewis, the African sculptress, is now modelling this statue in Rome. It is to be a seated figure of life size. The young artist is just putting up the clay, for, unlike most other sculptors, she will not allow even this mechanical part of her work to be done by another's hand. Even the tongue of malice cannot say that Edmonia Lewis' work is not all her own.

—Hundreds of people will remember "Little Ella," the infant reader, as she might be called. Her marvellous impersonations at an age when most children can scarcely speak plain, excited the astonishment of everybody who heard her years ago. We remember witnessing one of her performances in the Academy of Music, before a packed audience, where this morsel of a child, so tiny that those in the galleries with their unassisted eyes could see nothing upon the stage but a white speck, with her clear, sweet, child's voice filled and penetrated every part of the house. Those who remember "Little Ella," and none who saw and heard her then could forget her, will be pleased to know that the promise of her childhood has been fulfilled. As Miss Ella Burns, the youthful tragedienne, she has recently been winning high encomiums in Philadelphia, where she appeared as Lady Elizabeth in the play "'Twixt Axe and Crown."

—Mrs. Spencer and Mrs. Josephine Griffing, two of the women who were recently refused registration in Washington, obtained from the Superior Court of the District, on Saturday last, a writ, which was served on each member of the Board of Registration. The paper sets forth that the plaintiff, Sarah I. Spencer, "a citizen of the United States, and of said District, and qualified and entitled to vote," presented herself for registration in due form, and requested and demanded that her name be registered with the other legal voters, which demand and request the Board of Registration wrongfully refused; that on election day she offered her vote in proper form, with proof of her attempt to register, and that her vote was refused, solely because the Board of Registration did not place her name upon the list. The damages are placed at $2,500, and the defendants are ordered to answer at the first Special Term of the Court.

Burnett's Cologne—The best in America
Burnett's Cocoaine, the best hair-dressing.
Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.
Burnett's Kalliston is the best cosmetic.
Burnett's Asthma remedy—A sure cure.

Our Mail Bag.

ANNA'S RAID UPON OILDOM.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

I trust she will excuse me for the familiarity; but her first name is so nice (by the way, I gave a little niece that name before ever hearing of her), and her last name so long; and beside, she must not go about the country taking every one by storm, if she does not wish to be everybody's Anna.

You will see by a glance at the rhapsody of her lecture in the Titusville *Herald*, that she is thus appropriated by more than one, and also, from editorial testimony, that a profound impression was produced here, in Titusville by her logic and her eloquence.

We expected to see her appear in velvet robes fit for the queen that she is by right of nature's endowment, and to hear her discourse of that other inspired heroine of her own times, Joan of Arc.

And if she had come before us thus, many of the petroleum aristocracy, who, no doubt, would have admired and appreciated the robes, would have been as bewildered in attempting to follow her in the realms of history as they were confused and perplexed by Kate Field's numerous allusions to the chief characters in Dickens' works. But what was more to the purpose and much more needed in Oildom, she came upon the platform, simply dressed in garb of rich material and sensible make, and gave us a broad and comprehensive view of the existing state of affairs in this great Republic, and of the necessity of woman's sympathy and interest and *vote* in matters which concerned her quite as much as man.

Fatigue! I could have listened three hours longer, and not have known "whether I was in the body or out of the body." I am yet haunted by a mysterious feeling, that if there had not been an intervening seat, magnetized by her eloquence and the grand truths she uttered, I should have flown out of the family circle, where I was so far up and away from her, to have sat at her feet and drank in the splendor of her eyes and the music of her voice. Perhaps the opera glass saved me by bringing her nearer and engaging my attention in scanning her features and—dress!

At the close, and when, from the heights to which she had taken us that we might view this vast domain as it is, and as it should be and will be in the future, we had fluttered down again to our native sphere, I heard a man behind me aspirate, "Well, I wouldn't have missed that for five dollars!" Another, who had heretofore been opposed to a woman's doing anything beside minding the house and tending the babies, (or tending the house and minding the babies, which is it?) said, "If that is the way women lecture, I shall go to hear them again."

The *Morning Herald* (Republican), after devoting an entire column to a synopsis of the lecture, closed by saying that "the speaker enforced her doctrine and spiced the exhortations with that ready wit and more rare and peculiar eloquence of intense earnestness, which are always so marked in her public addresses, and which, however the hearer may differ, carries the conviction with it that the utterances are those of perhaps a slight enthusiast, but certainly a true, whole-souled, clear-headed, liberal-hearted woman, as different from the namby-pambyism, by which many of her fair sisterhood endeavor to edify an audience, as sensationalism is from truth."

Even the *Daily Courier* did her the justice to say, that "if her views do not carry conviction, they at least put the question in such favorable light as to cause us to keep up 'a terrible thinking.'"

A Democratic editor keeping up "a terrible thinking" upon the question of woman suffrage! With a few more such levers as Anna to put the world in motion, it would get fairly to sailing soon, with woman for the centripetal and man for the centrifugal force.

I surmise that if that editor had been chief master of ceremonies in carrying out the convicted that evening, he would have required the assistance of the "remnant" of the unconverted, and more avenues of egress than that opera building afforded.

But, oh for the pencil of an artist to depict one spectacle presented that night. *I* should not have witnessed it had not my attention been drawn to it by a friend, a shade less absorbed and carried away than myself.

Away down upon the platform, a girlish figure, in black-flounced walking skirt and *polonaise* (or little coat, as one man called it), with appropriate laces and jewels, but without hump or chignon, or any ornament for the head, except nature's (and especially Anna's) own, with lifted face, inspired glance, and upward gesture, while above the intently listening throng in the parquette, beyond the fuss and fans and feathers of the dress circle, up above the more staid gallery, or family circle, away up in the second gallery—a dozen men, of that class who would most likely find seats there, sitting at one side and nearest the platform, and who, early in the evening, had bandied quips and jests, and been a little noisy—now, as the brave little woman below warmed with her subject, enlisting their sympathy and interest, in spite of themselves, sitting on the front seat, "all in a row," leaning eagerly forward, hands on knees, arms akimbo, eyes intent, mouths open, as little self-conscious and as utterly lost in the great questions under consideration as the speaker herself.

It was a scene significant of our institutions of the nineteenth century, and an added tribute to the overpowering logic and eloquence of Miss Anna Dickinson.

Yours truly

LOUISE.

DR. MARY SAFFORD'S SUCCESS IN VIENNA.

VIENNA, AUSTRIA, April 7th 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

It will doubtless interest your readers to learn that Dr. Mary Safford recently delivered in German an address before the Woman's Association, at Vienna, upon the advance of the woman's cause in Europe and America, which was the first time that one of their own sex had appeared before them as speaker. It was received with so much applause and satisfaction that it was published in one of the most prominent dailies, and the members of the Association expressed their gratification of her effort by unanimously voting her an honorary member of the Association. A notification of the same was made to Dr. Safford by letter, which I herewith translate:

"The Committee of the "Wiener Frauenerwerb-Verein," has the honor to communicate to you, that at their fourth annual meeting of the 30th of March, you were unanimously chosen an honorary member of the Association. According to the statutes of the Association such women and men can be made honorary members as have rendered especial service to the Association, or have worked in a direction corresponding to the efforts of the same, and you, in fact, have fulfilled both conditions; you have been the only woman who has addressed the Association; your address, in every respect interesting and spirited, has thereby directly furthered our efforts. You have also worked with brilliant success, and in your own person embodied and made practical our idea, that women are capable of a higher intellectual, even of a thoroughly scientific cultivation, and proved, at the same time, that one of the chief objections—that by the earnest occupation with science, loveliness, grace and tenderness of feeling, in one word, true womanliness must be destroyed, is wholly void. We hope that in your distant home you will retain a friendly remembrance of the Woman's Association, and confer upon us the same interest which we feel for your endeavors and results. With high esteem,

DER WEINER FRAUEN-ERWERB-VEREIN.
AGLAJA V. ENDERS, Secretary. GABRIELLE V. NEWALL, President.

Not only has Dr. Safford rendered great service to the woman's cause in Europe by her before referred to connection with our Association, but also by the extraordinary zeal and industry with which she has improved the rich advantages to be derived from the University and the renowned hospital of Vienna, and has gained the high esteem of professors, doctors, and students, who will now, it is hoped and believed, consider the practicability of woman's studying subjects, even in connection with men, as no longer doubtful.

Yours, truly, A. K.

WOMEN WHO DANCE, AND WOMEN WHO SPEAK.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

A remarkable instance of the justice of male journalism may be found in the following:

"'Le Grande Duchesse' met with some unkind disapprovals from the few moral sentiments left in this city, and a majority of the people even were so ungenerous as to say that it was indecent, and that Tostee had no right to get drunk on the stage, nor dance the *can-can* in *such* a way, nor wear such pompadours, nor wink at her audience, nor be improper generally; but what is liberty for, if it is to be restricted?"—*Chicago Times.*

Mark the word "ungenerous." What a pity it is the remarkable talent which lies in one's heels should not be recognized as a morality of the nineteenth century instead of brains in the fair sex; for, in the words of this same journalist, "what is liberty for, if it is is to be restricted?" and noble women are to suffer simply because they can speak instead of dancing.

In the same column we find:

"There are intellectual pugilists who win a recognition and sometimes applause; but they are never women. Last week your Livermore and our own sweet poetess, Mrs. Howe, had a sweet time nominating, or rather indorsing, a candidate for Governor."

"They are never women;" mark that. They are never women unless they can dance; out of their sphere unless they sing to immense audiences and never talk; immoral if they use their brains in a moral reform; "intellectual pugilists," if they tell men of their faults instead of catering to their amusement and vicious pleasures by indecent dances. This is the kind of recognition which our journalist gives to women who can't dance.

How tender he is, though, of those who can. If only Mrs. Livermore and Julia Ward Howe could dance on the boards of the thea-

tre instead of speaking words of "truth and soberness," what an improvement it would be in the way of public morals and in the matter of public taste.

Truly yours
M. N., Garden City.

THE LICENSE QUESTION.

Louisiana, Mo., April 19th, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Having read your recent articles on both sides of the license question, I should like to express my own opinion, the result of considerable reflection and observation. Unquestionably licensing prostitution encourages it. A common Mississippi "gunboat" is a den which no man of the least sensibility and refinement will visit for pleasure, and which it is dangerous to visit for curiosity. A licensed St. Louis brothel is a palace where music, art, beauty, and in a word, all attractions except virtue, are combined. Passing one it is hardly possible to avoid going in to see, and once in, the feeling naturally arises that here, if I choose to sin, I can do so safely. Therefore, I am opposed to the license law. But I must add that the substitutes proposed for it do not strike me as practical. The proposition to register the men who visit such places may do for a retort, but if adopted, it would encourage illegal prostitution at the expense of legalized, and bad as the latter is, the horrors of the former are greater. The assertion which I so often find in your columns that prostitution is due entirely to the pressure of extreme necessity is not true. Many prostitutes come from the wealthy classes and persevere in the course they have chosen, notwithstanding the solicitations of parents who have never given them up. Of a great many with whom I have conversed, as many as one in three have told me that they followed the business because they liked it, and I see no reason to doubt their sincerity. Why, indeed, should it be otherwise? Granting that the sexual passion is stronger in men than in women, and that women are taught a higher standard of virtue than men, it only follows that licentiousness should be *rarer* among women than men which nobody doubts. There are licentious women as well as licentious men, and this being the case, the law which provides a term of imprisonment for public prostitutes would be fully justified *if* it provided a sufficient term and surroundings during detention calculated to produce reformation, which it does not. If it be asked, "Why not imprison licentious men?" the answer is that men may be imprisoned for adultery, seduction, and desertion, bastardy, etc., and it is not proposed to imprison every woman who may be guilty of an error; but only those who, by publicly prostituting themselves become public nuisances. I believe that the imprisonment of such women in reformatories, for an adequate time, would prove, notwithstanding its apparent severity, a great mercy to themselves, and the surest way of cutting off the supply of prostitutes. As for stopping the demand, which is the only thorough cure, I have tried in my Law of Marriage, to show that this is impossible without a far more radical revolution than I have space to advocate here. If government should do anything in reference to the social evil, it should do this. And it ought not to allow so great an evil to be theoretically or virtually unrestrained.

Finally, as the proverb says, "If there were no receivers there would be no thieves;" so, if there were no procurers there would be no prostitutes. The imprisonment for long terms of every man and woman convicted of keeping a house of assignation, or a boarding-house for prostitutes, or of canvassing for customers, or procuring inmates, would strike as near the root of the evil as the actual condition of society permits.

Truly yours, C. L. James.

WOMEN COMPOSITORS AND CLERKS.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

It has given me pleasure to see you repeatedly notice the noble worth of Mrs. Annie A. E. McDowell, of Philadelphia, in the labor for woman's rights in an industrial, as well as moral sense. Though, I have not seen the lady since 1854, or 1855, I have watched her noble career as a journalist all the time, and if any one deserves fortune as well as fame it is she. Nearly seventeen years ago, when I published a paper in Philadelphia, I hired women compositors from her office, at full *Union Men's wages* and they did their work well and promptly, and, best of all, never went off on "a spree," as male compositors in those days considered they had a right to do, at least once or twice a month.

I consider, from personal knowledge of their rapidity, correctness, and especially their patient perseverance, that women compositors are far superior to men. Were it as healthy as it is profitable, I should like to see the type setting all placed in the hands of women who are so illy paid for other work.

And I would like to see our American women too proud, too womanly to buy an article of dry goods from a great, double-fisted, broad shouldered he lazy-bones, standing behind a counter, when hundreds of women go to sin and shame because they *cannot* get such labor to do. Put your faces against *shop-men*—I am doubtful about the name *man* being correct—(not your faces against theirs, mind you,) but their occupation, and soon women will stand ready to wait on you, better calculated to know what you want, serve you properly, and do what courting they do at home, instead of in the shop.

Yours, truly, "Ned Buntline."

THE OBJECTIONS OF AN ANTAGONIST.

Meadville, Crawford Co., Pa., March 15th, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

I listened to a discourse last week upon the subject of Woman Suffrage. The opinions advanced, and the objections brought against the clothing women with the elective franchise are in accordance probably with those of a large class that may be designated as the conservative wing of reform.

From notes taken at the time, I will endeavor to reproduce the leading points in the address, hoping that through your broad influence, an effort will be made to clear away the mists from the mental vision, and to throw light upon a subject, in the minds of many not only knotty and perplexing, but fraught with hazard and undefined terrors.

The speaker said that the scheme of Woman Suffrage contemplated, not a reform, but a change—a *change*, indeed, so radical and sweeping, that in fact it amounted to nothing less than a *revolution*.

We ought not to attempt a revolution without good and sufficient cause. Now the advocates of this measure have failed most signally to show that any call whatever existed for so violent a disruption of the existing state of society. Woman *has* her rights. *Personal security*, *Personal Liberty*, and the *right to hold property* she is entitled to by law. Society has accorded her the privilege of accepting or refusing an offer of marriage, at her own pleasure—and *that* is *something*.

The political arena is not woman's sphere Is it wise to

"Rush in where angels fear to tread?"

This demand for the ballot is *impertinent*, *insolent*, calculated to irritate, and divide. One woman said that "she wished to vote because she wanted to do as she pleased." That kind of freedom is license; it leads to divorce, is calculated to break down the existing institutions of society, and culminates in *Free Love!* Citizenship is not woman's proper function. Let her become a politician, and she loses our highest reverence, which, is only due, her in the relations of the family, or that of teacher. Woman suffrage breaks up the family relation. The word husband would become obsolete, and be stricken from Webster's Dictionary, together with the idea for which it stands. If we admit that citizenship is woman's proper function, then is history wrong; then, indeed, has the world been wrong through all the ages. The speaker closed his lecture with what seemed a very singular remark in this connection, viz:

"That the absolute right of woman to the ballot was unquestionable."

Truly yours, M. F. Chandler.

THE FRENCH FAIR IN BOSTON.

Boston, April 22cd, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

The French Fair, at Boston Theatre, has been one of surpassing brilliancy, patronized and carried on by the *ton*, and the display of rare, and costly articles is without parallel in the annals of "Fairdom." The huge auditorium of the theatre was floored over, and every available spot appropriated by the fair ones. Corridors, boxes, and balconies, were invaded, and the beauty of the whole was rendered irresistable by the soul-inspiring music from the renowned "Gilmore Band," which lent its magic charm every evening. The *recherche* toilettes of "Mlle Frou-Frou" were much admired, and did justice to the exquisite taste of the charming little lady who had her in keeping. "Frou-Frou" was no more nor less than a famous "doll divinely lovely," and possessing such an outfit as nearly compelled some of the belles to die of envy, and she, like a true patriot, sacrificed herself and belongings to the sufferers in "Sunny France," thereby bringing them the welcome sum of $1,000. The attendance was at all times large, and the sales ready, and general good-feeling seemed to prevail. At six o'clock the big bell of the theatre tolled, the lights were turned down, and the gay crowd departed, and in sadness we waved an adieux to the "Fair," but not the happy memories hovering around it. The receipts were $85,000, expenses $20,000. Ever so many notables were present and were admired with the other curiosities, which they seemed to enjoy. Hoping the funds raised will reach their destination I will say, *au revoir*.

Truly yours, M. A. S.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this Journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3083, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, MAY 4, 1871.

IMPORTANT TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

AN ATTRACTIVE LIST OF PREMIUMS.

For 15 Subscribers and		$30,	we will give a Doty Washing Machine. One of the best assistants in domestic labor.
" 12	"	" $24,	a Doty Clothes Wringer. No housewife should be without it.
" 10	"	" $20,	a splendid bronzed eight-day Clock.
" 10	"	" $20,	one Dress Pattern, fifteen yards best quality black Alpaca.
" 10	"	" $20,	a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary; something needed in every family.
" 9	"	" $18,	one dozen Spoons, heavily plated.
" 9	"	" $18,	one dozen silver plated Forks.
" 9	"	" $18,	silver plated Teapot.
" 9	"	" $18,	one dozen Dinner Knives, best quality.
" 7	"	" $14,	one set of French China, 44 pieces.
" 6	"	" $12,	silver plated Cake Basket.
" 6	"	" $12,	" " Butter Dish.
" 5	"	" $10,	one linen damask Table Cloth.
3	"	" $6,	one of Prang's Celebrated Chromos, "The Kid's Playground."
" 3	"	" $6,	Prang's beautiful Steel Engraving, "Our Women Warriors."
" 2	"	" $4,	Representative Women, being the portrait of seven ladies identified with the women's movement.
" 2	"	" $4,	silver plated Butter-Knife.

We propose to extend our list by adding such valuable premiums as are especially calculated to meet the wants of women.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Single copies, five cents.

ANOTHER AMERICAN SCULPTRESS.

MISS MARGARET FOLEY.

ROME, ITALY, April 3, 1871.

Some years ago, the good people of one of the small towns in New Hampshire were very much interested and astonished by the marvellous exploits of one of the "neighbor's" daughters in "whittling." This young girl cut and carved all sorts of pretty things in wood with a dexterity that was truly amazing. Not content with this, she began soon after to cut in *chalk;* and utterly ignorant as she was of art and its methods—for she had never seen and scarcely heard of such a thing as a cast, bas-relievo, bust or statue—she yet made some good portraits in the worst of all materials, *chalk*, which she could have chosen. Every now and then a bit of flint in the chalk would be the means of spoiling her whole work; but she persisted, and the results of her indefatigable industry still remain in her New Hampshire home.

This young girl was Margaret Foley. Hearing at last of portraits cut in cameo, she went to Boston and commenced that art. As it was little understood, she had to get the shell and learn to saw it out for herself in the work of cutting her portraits. For seven years she devoted herself to this branch of her profession, gaining skill and reputation as an artist in cameos. But this did not satisfy her, and after modelling a few heads in clay, she started for Rome where she has since lived and worked, earning for herself a reputation in artistic circles in Italy, England and America, of which any woman may well be proud.

Her portrait of S. C. Hall attracted much attention at the late Royal Exhibition in London, and it, together with two or three of her ideal medallions, now holds the place of honor in the collection of the works of women artists now open in the same city.

Her studio in Rome is in the Via Margutta, one of the streets in the Eternal City, where artists "most do congregate," and in the same building with her are Vedder, Rogers, Harnisch, and other well-known American painters and sculptors.

The walls of her room are well lined with medallion portraits, in which she has been so successful, and which have gained for her so wide a reputation. Bierstadt says he knows of no artist who, in the same length of time, has made so many portraits as Miss Foley. She is gifted with the rapid insight into character, which is as important an element in depicting the human face divine as the deft fingers of the draughtsman. Ten of her most successful portraits Miss Foley worked in ten days!

Longfellow, Bryant, S. C. Hall, William and Mary Howett are among the subjects whose portraits adorn her room.

Miss Foley's bust of Theodore Parker is also one of her best known and most successful works. Plaster copies of it, Edmonia Lewis says, are to be found in the lowly home of almost every negro family in the United States—a tribute to the noble-souled and unselfish man, which would have been more grateful to him than many a loftier monument. The knowledge that he would be enshrined in the hearts of the poor and despised of men, as their benefactor and friend, would have been an assurance sweeter and more precious to Theodore Parker than any other reward which could have been bestowed upon him by his fellow mortals.

Beside these portraits, Miss Foley has many ideal works in her studio, and each most admirable in its way.

"The Albanese," a fair Greek girl, is one of her most popular medallions, and has been, perhaps, one of the most frequently copied. Cleopatra, both as a medallion and as a bust, is also and most deservedly a favorite with the public.

"Excelsior," a spirited illustration of Longfellow's famous lyric, is the very embodiment of the feeling which found its expression in the poet's verse, nor does the artist's conception lose any of its charm from its transfer to the cold marble.

Another of Miss Foley's works which attracted and interested us greatly was her design for a fountain. This design is simple in the extreme. It is merely a group of lovely cupids, who hold up a shallow basin. But in that very simplicity lies its chief charm: the graceful and spirited group has all the abandon and naturalness of real life. We learned that there had been some intention on the part of the Commissioners of the Central Park to order this fountain put into marble, and to place it in a conservatory, which is to form one of the ornaments of New York's beautiful pleasure ground for the people. We hope this design will not be abandoned, for nothing could be more artistic or beautiful than this marble fountain. The people of Chicago are also talking of purchasing this model from Miss Foley to adorn Lincoln Park; but in this case the fountain will be put into bronze, as it will stand in the open air. Chicago shows its good taste in its appreciation of Miss Foley's artistic design; but while we acknowledge that, shall we acknowledge, also, that we hope Chicago will not get it, but that our own city will become the fortunate possessor of this graceful fountain. It ought to be put into marble, and New York ought to have it.

But the grandest of Miss Foley's works are her studies for a seated statue of the prophet Jeremiah, that stern old patriot who was never weary of predicting to his countrymen the awful consequences of their indifference and faithlessness to the right.

We must admit that, poet though he was, Jeremiah was never any great favorite of ours. Lamentations are lamentations, no matter in what beautiful language they may be clothed, and we must confess to a sympathy with the Jews in their growing weariness and disgust for the weeping prophet.

Sinners are apt to find it a bore to listen to the catalogue of their sins, particularly if they have not the least intention of repenting of them, as they generally haven't.

It is very evident that Miss Foley does not share our sentiments with regard to the Jewish seer. On the contrary, he has taken a deep hold on her imagination. Her sketch for the seated statue is simple, grand, and full of dramatic suggestion. The head, which she has carefully studied, is fine in the medallion bas relievo, but infinitely finer in the bust which she has already completed.

This bust of the mighty, old Hebrew prophet, stern in rebuke, awful in denunciation, and yet as full of tenderness in his entreaties to repentance as he was fiery and pitiless in warnings against the wrath to come, is grand in its conception and admirable in its execution.

It is one of Miss Foley's darling projects to model this seated figure of the prophet in heroic size; but to do this requires not only work and genius, but *money*. In the first place, Miss Foley would have to devote her whole time for a year to this task, letting every other commission go; and that she cannot afford to do. Then, too, it would cost, beside her time, at least two thousand dollars for the marble and the work of the marble cutters. But it would be worth all it cost her in the fame it would bring, *if only* she could *live* on air in the meantime, which, as mortals are constituted, is unfortunately impossible.

We hope that some one of our generous rich men may see this sketch and do himself the honor of giving Miss Foley a commission, and thus giving, also, to the world what will be another truly great work by an American sculptress.

—It is said some babies are so small that they can creep into a quart measure; but the way in which some adults can walk into such measures is astonishing.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

Under the Auspices of the National Woman Suffrage and Educational Committee, Washington, D. C.

The question of the constitutional right of women to citizenship and suffrage, having become, in its political and legal relations, a question of great and immediate importance, a Convention for its discussion will be held in the city of New York, on the 11th and 12th days of May next, at Apollo Hall, corner of Broadway and Twenty-eighth street. Distinguished and able speakers, both men and women, will take part in the discussions. There is at the present time a demand in both political parties for new and vital issues, affording, therefore, a special opportunity for this question to assert its claims as a political one upon the attention of the whole country. Every man and woman, who believes in a truly Republican form of government, is urgently invited to attend the Convention.

In behalf of the Committee.

ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER,
President.

Friendly papers please copy.

FRIENDS, WAKE UP!

It is time to ring the call to the annual gathering long, loud, and earnestly. Some of our friends seem in doubt about the matter; but let them all rest assured that there is no close corporation—that we earnestly invite, urge,—nay demand, that every friend of suffrage come to this one convention more. All that is wanted is earnest, united action. A full belief that we *have* the *right;* no more parleying or praying for a sixteenth amendment; but a ready acceptance and entrance through the door now open to us by the fourteenth amendment. Let us not defeat the object for which we have labored for more than twenty years, even by a seeming indifference, but make one united, strong, and earnest advance movement, which shall bring up the rear guard to what is now the front.

The political condition of our country demands this of us. There is a crisis at hand, and we must be prepared to meet it and begin the work of reconstruction. Reform has long enough been the destructive element; it must begin from this era its work of reconstruction, of harmonizing the moral powers. Hence, we say, come from all parts of the country, earnest and self-forgetting—the price of usefulness and nobility.

Let no one feel that because suffrage is won there is nothing more to do. The whole social and educational question is an open field of inquiry.

P. W. D.

WHERE SHALL THE LINE BE DRAWN?

We remember once hearing a celebrated male advocate of woman's rights declare that if there was any more advanced ground to be taken in the movement than suffrage, he would immediately assume it, because he knew from long experience that the enemy would then move forward and occupy the position he had just abandoned. Step by step, as the advocates of this reform have gone forward, those who have been battling with them have taken possession of their old camping ground in the rear, and granted all, and more than was contended for, at some previous stage of its history.

Less than a century ago there was a stigma attached to literary women. They were abused snubbed, or patronized according to the temper of those to whose tender mercies they were subjected; and so late as our own day, three of the most gifted women of any age, Charlotte Bronte, Mme. Dudevant and Mrs. Lewes, feeling their sex to be an almost insurmountable barrier to the highest success in the world of letters, sent their works abroad under assumed names. Strong-souled women of daring genius, they still shrank from the ordeal to which a lingering prejudice would subject them. It is a totally false idea, which our enemies have industriously sowed in the public mind, that women of convictions are endowed with a specially thick mental epidermis that does not feel the smarts and stings of aspersion and ridicule. Nothing better illustrates their dread of being flayed and crucified alive than the sensitiveness formerly manifested by literary women.

We scarcely understand that sensitiveness now, because women have won for themselves an assured and enviable position in the world of letters. Let it never be forgotten that they themselves have secured it by hard and bitter struggles, and let the credit be given where it belongs.

The toughest opponent we have will scarcely be so bold as to assume that women are unsexing themselves when they use a pen and print their thoughts, and even attach their real names to their productions. "We don't object to a woman's appearing in print," say these oftentimes excellent, well-meaning, purblind, old hard-shells; "but, for mercy's sake, keep her from meddling with politics!"

So it has been in regard to public speaking. Many who, a few years back, were bitterly opposed to beholding females upon the platform, now witness that frequent spectacle with a good degree of composure. They acknowledge with a sigh that their sisters have captured the pulpit and the rostrum without utterly destroying the distinguishing qualities of the womanly nature; but still they cry, "Keep her from the polls; head her off, or all will be lost!"

It is amusing and instructive to watch the tone of opposing newspapers, most of which serve up an *entre* on woman's rights to their readers once or twice a month, as a relish to the rest of the dishes prepared for the public. Invariably they wind up a tirade against suffrage by recounting all they are willing to accord to woman if she will only stop this foolish, irrational, yes, iniquitous clamor for the ballot. They are ready and anxious to open every avenue of labor; to give her equal pay for equal work; to guarantee the best educational privileges; to allow her to compete with men in all departments of the arts, and to help secure her property rights. All this they will do, but they will not let her vote, no, not if they can help it.

Prejudice is so stone blind that it cannot see one inch beyond its own nose, else it would readily enough understand that the danger all lies in the first concession. If it gives an inch it must give an ell. There is no such thing as stopping any great movement in society until it has reached its ultimate. The breaks can no more be put on, than the ocean can be checked at the first tide-line, because somebody who does not understand the law of ebb and flow fears it will do damage by coming higher in on the shore.

The line must be drawn somewhere, our opponents say, and each one thinks he is the man of destiny to fix, mete and bound, regardless or ignorant of the fact that there is a law as inexorable, governing all great movements in society as that which controls the ocean tides.

The only safety for our opponents lies in conceding nothing on this question—in sticking to the position that woman is a subject, being created solely for man's benefit, for as surely as they liberate a finger, the hand will work itself free, and after that the arm and the whole body.

An immeasurable distance lies between the maiden of a century or two ago, circumscribed to the embroidery frame and the back-board, and a keen-eyed, acute-minded young woman studying in one of our medical schools. A still more immeasurable distance lies between the cloistered nun of the fifteenth century and Anna Dickinson on the platform, and yet a space intervenes between Anna Dickinson on the platform and women in the halls of Congress; but, as in the past, great wastes and desert places have been safely trodden by woman's feet, so in the future she will walk forward to what is still unattained.

At the present stage it is safe to predict that we shall see the old women of both sexes, who are in as great a flutter over female suffrage as was the hen that hatched ducks when her brood took to the water, throwing up their hats when we have actually secured the ballot for ourselves. Such persons are converted to a reform by its success. They kootoo to fixed facts. Danger and disgrace hover for them over that which is weak and struggling for dear life and principles more sacred than life. In the natural order of things we shall see those who formerly stoned the prophets of woman's rights coming to build their sepulchres, or, better still, to do them reverence in the fruition of their hopes.

—Mrs Bullard writes us that before leaving Rome to return to Florence, she received a visit from Mrs. Eliza Greatorex, one of the most esteemed lady artists, belonging to New York. Mrs. Greatorex and Mrs. Bogardus are the only women who have as yet been admitted to the honors of membership in our National Academy of Design. The former enjoys an enviable European reputation, her works having received high praise, especially in Munich, one of the most criticnl art centres of the old world. The artistic public of our own city is well acquainted with her exquisite pen and ink sketches, where the castled crags of the Rhine alternate with the quaint architecture of ancient German cities. We shall look eagerly for the revelations of Mrs. Greatorex's Italian port-folio when she again returns to her American home.

—The Westerfield (Mass.) Methodist Church has a woman home missionary—Miss Lizzie Butler. She is employed by the church to work at the direction of the pastor in visiting the sick and destitute and bringing children to the Sunday-school, in both of which occupations she is said to be highly successful.

—An excellent old deacon, who, having won an old turkey at a charity raffle, did not like to tell his severe orthodox wife how he came by it, quietly remarked, as he handed her the fowl, that the Shakers gave it to him.

MRS. FAIR'S CONVICTION.

A serious contemplation of the life of Mrs. Fair, as revealed by the late trial in San Francisco, is enough to cause a shiver of horror. It is not our desire to excuse or attempt to erase one of the dark and terrible lines which cross her fate. We would extenuate naught, nor set down aught, in malice, remembering, at the same time, what most of the newspapers seem to forget, now that the twelve just men of California, as they are called, have seen fit to pronounce her crime murder, that there are palliating circumstances connected with her lurid history. Let us at least keep in mind the fact that she was born in poverty —that she passed a neglected and miserable childhood, and never enjoyed the education of anything that can be called a home. We offer, as a plea for this wretched woman, the fact that she did not sin against the light of a young life, happy, innocent and sheltered, filled with the ministrations of love, the teachings of a pure, undefiled morality.

It is impossible for us to express too strongly our reprobation of the principles and practices of this most unfortunate woman. Besides the stain of blood guiltiness which has twice spotted her soul, she contracted various vile, sordid marriages, mainly for the sake of money, for which she appears to have had an inordinate greed—two of them after her intrigue with the murdered Crittenden began. One inconvenient husband she made away with, and was defended on her trial by the man who was afterwards to meet the same fate from her death-dealing hand. A pure affection may perhaps spring up in a guilty soul; but in spite of all Mrs. Fair's protestations of love for her latest victim, the conviction forces itself upon the mind that she was sordid, calculating and mercenary through it all. In her most rhapsodical letters she forever seems intent upon Mr. Crittenden's pocket, and it is hard to get round the idea that the final catastrophe, as in the Sickles' case, was a deliberate piece of acting.

Mrs. Fair's life has been a pandemonium. Scarcely a ray of light falls upon an innocent, pure hour or day, when the good God, sending His blessed sunshine out of the heavens, awakened better thoughts and purposes in her miserable soul. Everything about her history is lurid, sulphurous and stifling. To read it engenders a profound and deep-seated melancholy. We feel how wretched she was through long years of guilt, until it seems that her prison cell must be a grateful exchange for all she has lived through.

In spite of our utter execration of Mrs. Fair's deeds, we cannot forget that she is a woman, and that, within a few years past, at least three men, guilty of the same crime, committed under circumstances, if not parallel, at least bearing a sufficiently general resemblance to this case, were triumphantly acquitted. In the face of these precedents, we again say, what we have before declared, that it would be monstrous to hang Mrs. Fair. The assertions of the newspapers that the verdict given against her is an emphatic condemnation of the man or woman who violates the sanctity of the marriage relation, appears to us irrelevent. There is no proof to show that Mrs. Fair first lured Mr. Crittenden from the path of virtue, or that she was more an enticer than enticed. To be sure, he grew weary of her at last, and wished to throw her off when she became troublesome; but previous to that time, the correspondence shows the most persistant and determined pursuit of his object. Mr. Crittenden's guilt pales before that of his partner; but it cannot be forgotten that he was terribly culpable, staking, as he did, honor, reputation, friends, the happiness of those to whom he was bound by the most sacred ties of duty, on the mad game of an infamous passion. This trial ought to convey profound lessons to men and women, everywhere revealing, as it does, the black gulf where a career terminates which cuts loose from moral principle and repudiates the most sacred obligations voluntarily assumed.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS IN HUNGARY.

We have received from Mr. Paul Liptay, a young Hungarian journalist now residing in this city, several very interesting facts concerning the remarkable awakening among his countrywomen within the past few months. The light has spread, with a rapidity almost unknown in any other European country, and many of the facts presented by Mr. Liptay were new to us, and probably will be new to our readers.

Hungary has at this time seventy-nine associations composed exclusively of women, and organized for a variety of objects. Thirty of them are for the purpose of furnishing aid to members; nineteen occupy themselves with educational and benevolent objects; two are wholly devoted to private affairs, and twenty-one are auxiliary to other bodies.

The first Hungarian woman's paper, called the *Woman's Journal*, appeared just about the beginning of February last. It is edited by two women, and is devoted to the social rights of the sex.

The Hungarian Women's Association for higher education opened a college in January of this year with a class of seven pupils. During the intervening months, the number of young lady students has augmented to sixty, who are instructed in the different scientific branches, by the best professors of both sexes that the country affords. Mrs. Hermana Veres Benyitzky is the name of the lady president, and it is her intention to speedily found an industrial school for women, in connection with a bazar, where the work of the pupils will be exposed for sale.

It seems that the plague of poor servants has visited Hungary as well as almost every other quarter of the globe, and an association of housewives has been formed for the purpose of framing a servants' reform bill, to be presented to the Hungarian Diet. We are curious to know what measures these ladies propose to abate the nuisance, and anxious they should be made public to furnish some hints for future action to the grievously tormented housekeepers of America.

Mrs. Illessy, the editor of the Hungarian *Woman's Journal*, is the first lady of that nation who learned stenography, and she is now Stenographic Reporter of several Hungarian papers, and Teacher of Stenography in the Woman's College. When her young lady pupils have finished their course of instruction, they are employed in the Stenographic Office of the Hungarian Assembly.

The minds of Hungarian women are strongly interested in the general subjects of woman's elevation, emancipation and enfranchisement, and within a short time a very interesting brochure, written by a woman, has appeared, entitled, "Thoughts in the Interest of the Woman Question."

The Hungarian Minister of Education has assigned a certain sum to be set apart for the purpose of sending young ladies to Germany to perfect themselves in the art of instructing young children, especially on the system of Frobel. The Frobel's Woman Association opened a "Kindergarten" nearly eighteen months ago, and are now publishing a little paper under the title of *Frobel*, in honor of the great German pedagogue.

These are a few of the signs of promise which come to us from that remote European country, and none of them is more hopeful than the enlightened attention given to the culture of young children. A revolt of the mothers of America against the cramming system, so universally practiced in our public schools, is imperatively demanded, and could we see our government making so wise an appropriation as that for the education of teachers in the beneficent system of Frobel we would hail it with great joy.

SLANG.

Somebody or other exhorts girls not to indulge in slang phrases, because the habit will lessen their matrimonial chances. This is a highly practical view of the case, and doubtless, will have weight with those whose every word bears reference to the probable or possible capture of a man. Our objections to slang are based on totally different grounds—in fact, on the fitness of things. We should experience disgust on plucking a beautiful rose, to have it emit a foul stench, and something akin to the same sensation is experienced when the rosy lips of a young miss open and give exit to vulgar phrases of very doubtful origin and application.

Instead of cultivating the elegancies of speech, and drawing from the well of English undefiled, we see girls take considerable pains to acquire a stock of choice slang phrases which they freely let fly on all occasions, offending the ears of their elders and betters, as well as spreading the low habit among companions of their own age. The interlarding of all common conversation with such expressions as "you bet," "can't see it," "how is that for high," and a host of others in daily and hourly use, sets the stamp of vulgarity on the intercourse of the young of both sexes, but is particularly debasing in girls. Young women should so order their own conversation that their associates of the other sex will not feel free to indulge in a great variety of low expressions which they now use in the society of ladies with the utmost effrontery.

Where do slang phrases come from? They come principally from the bar-room, the stable, the race-course, the corner grocery, and other places of the same kind, and are redolent of the source from whence they emanate. Their origin is almost invariably questionable, and probably, if their original meanings and the things to which they refer could be explained to the girls who bandy them about so freely, they would be covered with shame and confusion of face.

Young women ought to realize that by the use of this base coin of speech, they are car-

rying the language of the drinking-saloon into their parlor, and in some sense putting themselves on a level with horse-jockeys and loafers. To hear a pretty, bright, vivacious girl, well educated and accomplished, call out "not for Joe," "you know how it is yourself," because she imagines this species of saucy pertness attractive and taking, affects a transformation in the opinion of the listener which she can scarcely imagine. A coarse word from an educated woman's mouth is almost like a blow from her hand, or, shall we say it, a kick from her foot. The manners of young men cannot be improved so long as much that is objectionable in their talk is caught up and incorporated into the conversation of their sisters and young lady friends. It appears to us that parents and teachers are blameworthy for not taking more pains to guard against, and root out this demoralizing habit.

OUR LADY ARTISTS IN THE SPRING EXHIBITION.

In these latter springs, the names of lady artists have begun to appear pretty thickly down the pages of the Academy Catalogue, sprinkled between the male N. A.'s and A.'s like dandelions and daisies on a green bank. The name of a poor artist takes just as much room as one of the best, and the name of a painted abomination looks as large in print as a gem by Kensett or Gifford; therefore, we do not, of course, pretend that there is upon the walls of the Academy this year an artistic value corresponding to the number of ladies represented; but there certainly are several most creditable pictures exhibited by women, and we take great pleasure in giving them a brief notice.

MISS HELEN SLADE

Takes us very pleasantly to North Conway, that loveliest of mountain hamlets, and shows us the village street, with its meeting-house spire, its irregular lines of red houses standing—as every one who has had the good fortune to visit that charming preface to the White Hills must have remarked—backed up against the fine views, with front windows looking on nothing in particular. Mount Washington is revealed in the distance, and seems somewhat exaggerated. The picture is clear, accurate and hard. It needs harmonizing and toning down, but evinces promise.

MRS. JAMES M. HART,

So widely known by her "Easter Cross," exhibits this year a work called, "An Offering of Flowers," which represents a half length statue of Purity resting upon a bracket, and graceful entwined with flowers. The work is full of feminine and poetic sentiment, and in its extreme delicacy, at a little distance, gives one the impression of a rosy dawn against a bank of snow.

MRS. H. A. LOOP

Is represented by two of her carefully painted portraits—one, the head of a child; the other, a man's head. Mrs. Loop is so conscientious an artist she is constantly gaining ground, and bids fair to rank with our very best painters in her own particular line.

M. JOSEPHINE WALTERS

Has sent to the exhibition a large picture called, "Chapel Pond—Adirondacks." The sky and distance are cold and uninteresting; but the foreground rocks, the mossy logs and debris are well done and redeem the picture.

MISS V. GRANBERRY

Gives the results of a difficult study in the form of a cluster of white roses, unrelieved by contrasting flowers. The charm of these exquisite blossoms seems too subtle to be caught and put upon canvas; but Miss Granberry has done much towards perpetuating the life that is but for a day, and a purity that seems lent from heaven.

MISS C. M. CLOWES,

Contributes a most interesting and satisfactory work in No. 188 of the catalogue, called a "Drove of Cattle." The herd is coming from the woods down a pleasant path, which crosses a little rustic bridge, under which a slender stream is flowing, and which brings to one's imagination the smell of mint. One thirsty animal has gone down to drink at the brook; the rest are mainly crowded together upon the bridge, where the sunshine spots their coats. The grouping is natural and well managed, the drawing good, and the whole picture full of spirit and life.

MRS. JULIA H. BEERS,

Shows us a glimpse of Conway arches—an arcade of lovely elms, with the village in the distance. The subject is forever bewitching to the pencil of the artist, and Mrs. Beers has treated it in her usual manner. This lady paints so well one cannot help regretting she does not paint better. Her pictures are carefully studied, and well wrought, but they lack artistic feeling, and seem to lie too much on the surface.

MRS. H. P. GRAY

Has two portraits of ladies, one of them a face of haunting sweetness; albeit, somewhat sketchy in treatment. It suggests the bloom of an apple blossom, and is not easily forgotten.

In figure pieces the ladies are not strong this year. Miss C. W. Conant exhibits a small picture of a melancholy girl called, "Waiting for Customers." Miss Mary L. Stone, two juvenile organ grinders, and Virgilia Fagetti, the "Conception of the Virgin."

The Department of Sculpture contains four works, by Margaret Foley, a sketch of whose career, in art, will be found in this issue of THE REVOLUTION. One of them, "Viola from Bubam Dancir," is especially worthy of praise. It represents the head of a young girl of a rich Eastern type of beauty, and is carefully elaborated. "Charles Sumner," the "Prophet Joshua," and "Pascuccia," a model, are the subjects of the other works. We hope hereafter to notice some other pictures by women in the same collection.

Miscellany.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY—HOW SECURED.

Gleanings from Dr. Dio Lewis' Book, "Our Girls."

LARGE VS. SMALL WOMEN.

A large woman weighs from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty pounds; a small woman from ninety to one hundred and ten.

Why is the popular preference for the lesser class? Why is it genteel to be petite, and gross to be large? From being slaves to the passions of men, women have risen to become their pets and toys. These latter are valuable in proportion to their diminutiveness. A man who selects a wife as a toy or pet is very likely to have the same preference for a *petite* wife that he has for a petite black-and-tan Such is the source of preference for little women.

When the great ideas of use, citizenship, a true womanhood, a dignified motherhood, come to prevail over this Turkish notion of toy women, then women of noble bearing and commanding presence will be the style; and the little women suffer the same disadvantage in the matrimonial market that a little man does.

Women of commanding height average a more dignified character, a higher morale than the *petite* ones. So of men. Little men are more irritable, nervous and unreliable, *as a class*, than large men. During the Revolutionary war, fifteen of the most memorable actors in that struggle happened to meet at West Point. They were weighed, and only one of them weighed less than two hundred pounds.

Why are our women so small? Want of adequate exercise, wearing of corsets, and living in the shade, account for the alarming decrease in the size of American women.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

In her "Cyclopedia of Woman's Work," Virginia Penny suggests more than five hundred employments almost exclusively pursued by men, which present no insurmountable obstacles to women. Here are some of them: Amanuenses, bank clerks, brokers, copyists, dentists, lawyers, lecturers, preachers, proof-readers, publishers, physicians, teachers of schools, of gymnastics, of dancing, of music, watch repairers, pen and aquaria makers, architects, engravers, photographers, designers of calicos, carpets, etc., florists, gardeners, merchants, carpenters, chasers of gold and silver, piano tuners, telegraph operators, reporters, thread and glove makers, pearl and tortoise shell workers, artificial flower, hoop-skirt, umbrella, parasol. and pencil makers.

VOCAL VS. INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Dr. Lewis deprecates the excessive amount of time and money lavished upon learning the piano. He thinks little use is made of the accomplishment after marriage in the great majority of instances. He would have more attention given to vocal music, as thereby the lungs are strengthened against consumption, the inmates of home are bound together, and the practice is apt to be continued through life. As a source of general health, singing stands unrivalled.

NECESSITY OF SUNSHINE.

The human being, like the plant, suffers by the exclusion of sunshine. To lose elasticity of step in walking, all color in the face, all lustre of the eye, living in a dark parlor, curtained bedroom, wearing a veil out of doors, riding in a covered carriage, and wearing corsets, furnish an infallible recipe.

The value of sunshine cannot be over-estimated. As a preservative of health and a cure for disease, it seems indispensable. Affections of the digestive organs and the nervous system yield to a daily exposure to the direct rays of the sun most miraculously.

—The art school, in Munich, under the direction of the famous Kaulbach, is not open to women, and an art school for women has been established there under the care of Mrs Von Weber. We believe separte schools for men and women in art, as in medicine, law, etc., to be a mistake, and are therefore glad to learn that there is a fine art institution in Nuremburgh, under the care of Professor Grayling, son-in-law of Kaulbach, to which female students are freely admitted, and where the same aid and instruction is extended to them as to men. Any young girl, who means to study abroad, will find the historic old town of Nuremburg her true Mecca. In justice to our own National Academy of Design, we will say that it is open to any artist who sends pictures good enough to entitle him or her to membership. An election takes place by ballot, and sex does not, as it should not, enter into the question.

—We call the attention of the readers of THE REVOLUTION to the advertisement of Balch, Price & Co., in another colum. Their stock of millinery, both for elegance and cheapness, is unsurpassed.

—Addie I. Ballou, in a lecture on the Social Evil, relates the following incident:

In the city of Chicago I knew a young girl who spent two long nights and three days without food, and almost without clothing, and the Young Men's Christian Association refused her admittance to their costly halls, and declined to aid her because she had no certificate of good character in her pocket; and a woman, who was said to be a woman of the town, though I have no reason for saying that she was such, took her in and cared for her.

—"Modesty" asks what is the best method of popping the question?" It is a good deal like champagne—if it don't pop itself, there is something wrong about it.

Special Notices.

PERSONAL.—We were pleased to receive a call, during the past week, from Dr. Ayer's traveler, who was in our town, devoting his time and attention to the preparations of the great medicine man. This call has become a pleasant annual to us from the able and reliable business character of the accomplished gentlemen whom this firm send out to transact their business. No house is better known or valued by the press for its promptness in settlement than the well-established and popular J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., whose medicines have become a household necessity, and won the confidence and praise of all. Our own acquaintance with them has extended over a series of years, and we have invariably found them, their travelers and their medicines worthy of the commendation they everywhere receive.—*Jackson (Tenn.) Tribune.*

ONE OF THE LIONS of New York is Crittenton's immense Medicine Warehouse, No. 7 Sixth avenue, and this "lion" establishment has its lion preparation—*Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar*—for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Influenza and Bronchitis. No medicinal agent introduced during the present century has created a more profound sensation among all classes of the community than this absolute specific for all ordinary affections of the organs of respiration. Sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents and $1. Great saving to purchase large size.

THE MOTHER'S REMEDY for all diseases with which children are afflicted is *Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.* It relieves the child from pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and during the process of teething, it gives rest and health to the child, and carrics it safely through the critical period.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU.—In days past, among the unenlightened, and up to the present time, in our day and generation, no one article of drug has been in as frequent use, or considered more reliable, than Buchu. Scarcely a druggist among us but manufactures and has on sale a fluid extract of Buchu. None of these, however, have attained the rare celebrity as that of which H. T. Helmbold, of 594 Broadway, New York, is manufacturer and proprietor. His contains other ingredients, all of which are freely mentioned in his advertisement, and are named in the dispensatory in use by all colleges of pharmacy and by regular physicians. Add to this the fact that these same regular physicians are recommending it in all cases of diseases of the kidneys and their connecting organs, is certainly an evidence that this medicine possesses virtues seldom accorded to advertised remedies.

There are counterfeits of this, the genuine, in existence; so those buying should see they get none other than that of Helmbold's. His may be readily known, as each bottle has his name blown upon the glass.—*Springfield Republican.*

IF you desire a mild, pleasant, safe and agreeable Cathartic, which will cause neither nausea or griping pains, use nature's remedy, HELMBOLD'S GRAPE PILLS. They are purely vegetable, their component parts being Catawba "Grape Juice and Fluid Extract Rhubarb." Should you desire a brilliant complexion, youthful appearance, new life, new fresh blood and renewed vigor, use *Helmbold's Extract Sarsaparilla.*

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer now stands among the first and at the head of all articles for a similar purpose. The testimony of our physicians is conclusive as to its value, and we are personally acquainted with scores of cases where it has been used with the best of results. It will restore gray hair to its original color, and leaves it glossy and in a healthy condition, while for heads troubled with dandruff or any disease of the scalp, it acts like a charm in cleansing them. Try it, and you will not be disappointed.—*Lowell Courier, May* 2, 1868.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES,

AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION—the only reliable and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations from the skin.

Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York. Sold by *Druggists everywhere.* 1m may4

EVERY LADY HER OWN GLOVE CLEANER.

Send One Dollar and a postage stamp, for the best known method, which cannot fail if the directions are strictly followed. It makes soiled Kid Gloves equal to new, not injuring the most delicate colors, and leaving no unpleasant odor. Reliable references given, if required, before money is sent, Address

MRS. SOUTH,
Care of the "Chicago Magazine of Fashion."
Chicago, Ill.

HELMBOLD'S

HELMBOLD'S
HELMBOLD'S
HELMBOLD'S
HELMBOLD'S
HELMBOLD'S

CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS.
CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS.
CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS.
CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS.
CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS.

HELMBOLD'S
HELMBOLD'S
HELMBOLD'S
HELMBOLD'S
HELMBOLD'S

FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.
FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.
FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.
FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.
FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

APRIL, MAY and JUNE.

PURIFY THE BLOOD AND BEAUTIFY THE COMPLEXION
by using
HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE JUICE PILLS
AND
HELMBOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRA SARSAPARILLA.

In the spring and summer months the system undergoes a change.

This is the time to use good blood-renewing, purifying, and invigorating medicines.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA AND HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT GRAPE JUICE PILLS ARE THE BEST AND MOST RELIABLE.

One bottle of Helmbold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla equals in strength one gallon of the syrup or decoction as made by druggists, and a wine glass added to a pint of water equals the celebrated Lisbon diet drink, a delightful and healthful beverage.

The Grape Juice Pill is composed of fluid extract Catawba grape juice and FLUID EXTRACT RHUBARB.

Useful in all diseases requiring a cathartic remedy, and far superior to all other purgatives, such as salts, magnesia, &c.

Helmbold's Grape Juice Pill is not a patented pill, put up as those ordinarily vended, but the result of ten years' experimenting and great care in preparation,

SAFE FOR AND TAKEN BY CHILDREN;
NO NAUSEA, NO GRIPING PAINS,
BUT MILD, PLEASANT AND SAFE IN OPERATION.

Two bottles of the Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla and one bottle of the Grape Juice Pills are worth their weight in gold to those suffering from bad blood, poor complexion, headache, nervousness, wakefulness at night, costiveness and irregularities, and to those suffering from broken and delicate constitutions it will give new blood, new vigor and new life.

THE CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS are done up with great care and in handsome bottles, and will surpass all those vended in wooden boxes, and carelessly prepared by inexperienced men, comparing with the English and French style of manufacturing.

All of H. T. HELMBOLD'S Preparations are Pharmaceutical, not a single one being patented, but all on their own merits.

To dispel any impression or prejudice that might exist in the minds of many against my preparations from the publicity given through advertising, and that I am and have been a druggist for a period of twenty years, and more conclusively to prove this, see letter:

[From the largest manufacturing Chemists in the world.]

NOVEMBER 4, 1854.

I am acquainted with Mr. H. T. Helmbold. He occupied the drug store opposite my residence, and was successful in conducting the business where others had not been equally so before him. I have been favorably impressed with his character and enterprise.

WILLIAM WEIGHTMAN,
Firm of Powers & Weightman, Manufacturing Chemists, Ninth and Brown streets, Philadelphia.

Prepared by H. T. HELMBOLD, Practical and Analytical Chemist, Crystal Palace Pharmacy, 594 Broadway, New York, and 104 South Tenth street, Philadelphia.

HELMBOLD'S
FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU
HAS GAINED A WORLD-WIDE FAME.

HOW TO EARN A FEW DOLLARS—WORK FOR WOMEN.—Are the times hard? Is money scarce? Would you like a new Dress? a new Bonnet? Gloves? Or do you want a new Piano? a Melodeon? a Library of choice Books? a new Sewing Machine? a new Carpet? a set of Furniture? Well, if you are smart, you can earn one or all of these things without interfering seriously with your ordinary domestic duties. How? The answer will be promptly given on receipt of your address, with stamp, by S. R. WELLS, Publisher, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

Young ladies, wives of Clergymen, of Physicians, Teachers in Schools, Seminaries and Sunday Schools, may apply. No capital required. 2t a27

SOMETHING NEW!

FOR EVERYBODY.

A Useful, Easy and Lucrative Employment for All, Old and Young, Male and Female.

THIS employment will not interfere with your other business, let that be what it may. No capital is required to engage in this business. It requires no traveling or peddling, but gives the comforts of a home, with a chance to make from $50 to $200 per month. This is no receipt of any kind, or agency, but is something *entirely new*, and is highly recommended to *all persons* who desire a *permanent, money-making* and genteel employment. No person will ever regret sending for this information, let their business be what it may. *We guarantee satisfaction in every case.* The information we offer, when once in the possession of a person, will be a source of constant income, and will be invaluable during life, without extra expense. To any person who, after sending for the information, shall feel dissatisfied, or that we have misrepresented, we will send TWO DOLLARS for their trouble. There is positively *no humbug or deception* in these statements. We would not make false statements to the public; there is nothing gained in the end by deceit. During our connection with this business, we are not aware of a single case in which any one has found reason to accuse us of any other course of conduct than the one we have invariably pursued—that of fair, upright and honorable dealing. We will, upon receipt of ONE DOLLAR by mail, send, by return mail, full instructions in regard to the business. *All money forwarded by mail in carefully sealed letters at our risk.* Address,

B. GARDINER & CO.,
P. O. Box 2181. PORTLAND, ME.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

This is the season to cultivate, strengthen and increase the growth of the hair. Modern chemistry has satisfied the anxious world that

CHEVALIER'S LIFE FOR THE HAIR

contains the only nutritious substance known in the vegetable world for restoring grey hair, stop its falling and increasing its growth. Sold by all Druggists.

$1.000 REWARD

For any case of Blind, Bleeding, Itching or Ulcerated Piles that DE BING'S PILE REMEDY fails to cure. It is prepared expressly to cure the Piles and nothing else, and has cured cases of over twenty years' standing.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1.00.

VIA FUGA.

DE BING'S VIA FUGA is the pure juices of Barks, Herbs, Roots, and Berries, for

CONSUMPTION.

Inflammation of the Lungs; all Liver, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Organic Weakness, Female Afflictions, General Debility, and all complaints of the Urinary Organs, in Male or Female, producing Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Gravel, Dropsy, and Scrofula, which most generally terminate in Consumptive Decline. It purifies and enriches the Blood, the Billiary, Glandular and Secretive System; corrects and strengthens the Nervous and Muscular Forces. It acts like a charm on weak, nervous and debilitated females, both young and old. None should be without it. Sold everywhere. Price $1.00. LABORATORY—142 Franklin street, Baltimore, Md. o6 1y

THE LAW OF MARRIAGE.—An exhaustive argument in favor of the emancipation of woman from the bondage of unjust marriage legislation. By C. L. James, of Louisiana, Mo.
For sale by the author at 25c.

TO LET AT REASONABLE RATES—First class office furnished in elegant style, a few doors from Fulton Ferry. Apply at THE REVOLUTION office, No. 11 Fulton St., Brooklyn.

FINE MILLENERY.

MME. BENTLEY, 14 FULTON AVENUE,
Has received from Paris, Brussels and London, beautiful Bonnets in dressed chips, the new "Frou-Frou," and the Chessi Braids, elegant Flowers, Bridal Wreaths, &c. The elite are invited.

C. E. BURDICK & CO.,

(Successor to WALTER LOOCKWOOD.),

255 FULTON STREET.

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER

DRESS GOODS,

BLACK SILKS, JAPANESE SILKS,

SILK AND WOOL LYONS POPLINS,
In stripes and checks.

SILK AND WOOL BRILLIANTES, SILK AND WOOL SULTANAS.

Fantasias, Serges, Mohairs, Wash Poplins, Plaid Serges, Plaid Poplins, Figured Poplins, Fancy Striped Grenadines, Silk and Wool Black Iron Grenadines, White Pique, Printed Pique, English Prints, Printed Percales.

Table Damask, Towels, Linens, &c., &c., at very low prices. 1 m

HART BROTHERS,

247 FULTON STREET,

KEEP ALWAYS

The largest stock of

FINE WATCHES,

JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE

to be found in the City, at

VERY LOW PRICES.

HART BROTHERS,
247 Fulton Street,
1y BROOKLYN.

BANKRUPT.—FROM AUCTION.—Thirty Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting Case Watches, full jeweled, detached lever movements, good time pieces, and in perfect running order; $23 each; usual price $40. Sent C. O. D. Privilege to examine.

F. J. NASH,
697 Broadway, New York.

"We have been shown the above goods, and believe them fully equal to the recommendations of the advertisement."—*Christian Advocate.*

"All that Mr. Nash says may be relied upon."—*Christian at Work.*

"Certainly cheap, and the quality reliable."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

OVINGTON BROTHERS,

245, 248, 250 AND 252 FULTON STREET,

BROOKLYN.

We invite the attention of the citizens of New York and Brooklyn to our large and well selected stock of Goods, feeling satisfied that no larger or better assortment can be found in the country, while our prices shall always be as low as the lowest.

FRENCH CHINA DECORATED DINNER SETS,
comprising over 100 varieties.

ENGLISH DECORATED DINNER SETS,
of the latest patterns.

BOHEMIAN AND DOMESTIC GLASS WARE,
Plain, and richly cut and engraved in sets or by the dozen.

MANTEL AND ETAGERE ORNAMENTS,
Real and French Bronzes, Clocks, Bisque and Parian Statuary, Bohemian and China Wares, Vienna Gilt Goods, &c., &c.

SILVER PLATED GOODS AND TABLE CUTLERY,
From the best manufacturers only.

BEST WHITE PARISIAN GRANITE AND FRENCH CHINA.

A FINE VARIETY OF MAJOLICA GOODS,
&c., &c.

OVINGTON BROTHERS.
m13.

BABY CARRIAGES,

In the greatest variety of style and finish, and at any desired price, can be obtained at 508 Broadway, N. Y.

MESSRS. COLBY BROS. & CO.

have on exhibition at their warerooms more than 50 different kinds and qualities, varying in price from $3 to $100 each; all of their own manufacture, which they offer at lowest possible prices at retail. This is the Bazar of New York for

CHILDREN'S FINE CARRIAGES,

and every mother should see to it that her little ones are provided with a *nice turn-out* at these low prices, and that it is used on every one of these beautiful spring days. Remember the place,

508 BROADWAY,
tf (opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.)

CARPETS.

THEO. W. BALEY & SONS,
COURT ST., COR. STATE,
Three blocks from City Hall, BROOKLYN
Dealers in all kinds of
CARPETINGS, OIL CLOTHS, DRUGGETS, MATS, RUGS, &c., &c.
m. 30 3 m

W. & H. MUMFORD,

UPHOLSTERY,

PAPER HANGINGS,

AND

BEDDING WAREHOUSE,

New Building, 390 & 392 Fulton St.,
Near Smith Street.

We are now opening our Spring Stock of
LACE, NOTTINGHAM and SWISS CURTAINS,
LINENS, CRETONNE CHINTZ,
And TWILLS for slip covers
FURNITURE COVERINGS,
GILT and WALNUT CORNICES,
PLAIN WHITE and BORDERED WINDOW SHADES
With Spring Rollers
New designs in
LAMBREQUINS,
TRIMMINGS,
And every article in the UPHOLSTERY line
Our large stock of
PAPER HANGINGS,
Combine all the new styles at the lowest cash prices
LACE CURTAINS cleaned by our NEW and IMPROVED process. NO ACIDS USED.
m 30. m8

STEREOSCOPES,

VIEWS,

ALBUMS,

CHROMOS,

FRAMES.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
591 BROADWAY, New York,
Invite the attention of the trade to their extensive assortment of the above goods, of *their own publication, manufacture and importation.*

Also,
PHOTO LANTERN SLIDES and *GRAPHOSCOPES.*

NEW VIEWS OF YOSEMITE.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
No. 591 BROADWAY,
Opposite Metropolitan Hotel, NEW YORK.
Importers and manufacturers of
PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS.

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50c. to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To such as are not well satisfied, we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, a valuable sample which will do to commence work on, and a copy of *The People's Literary Companion*—one of the largest and best family newspapers published—all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address

E. C. ALLEN & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER.

Every year increases the popularity of this valuable Hair Preparation; which is due to merit alone. We can assure our old patrons that it is kept fully up to its high standard; and it is the only reliable and perfected preparation for restoring GRAY OR FADED HAIR to its youthful color, making it soft, lustrous, and silken. The scalp, by its use, becomes white and clean. It removes all eruptions and dandruff, and, by its tonic properties, prevents the hair from falling out, as it stimulates and nourishes the hair-glands. By its use, the hair grows thicker and stronger. In baldness, it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, and will create a new growth, except in extreme old age. It is the most economical HAIR DRESSING ever used, as it requires fewer applications, and gives the hair a splendid, glossy appearance. A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

Sold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Medicines.

Price One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye
FOR THE WHISKERS.

As our Renewer in many cases requires too long a time, and too much care, to restore gray or faded Whiskers, we have prepared this dye, in *one preparation*; which will quickly and effectually accomplish this result. It is easily applied, and produces a color which will neither rub nor wash off. Sold by all Druggists. Price Fifty Cents.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N.H.

THE TROPHY TOMATO.

HEADQUARTERS SEED,

Twenty-fourth year of careful selection.

(BUY NO OTHER.)

One Hundred Dollars Premium for the Largest Tomato Grown in 1871.

Price per packet (about 100 seeds), 25 cents; five packets, $1.00. Address

GEO. E. WARING, JR.,

OGDEN FARM,

NEWPORT, R. I. m2

ROBERT G. ANDERSON,

CONFECTIONER,

350 and 252 FULTON STREET.

Special attention paid to the furnishing of

Wedding Parties and Evening Entertainments.

NATURAL FLOWERS.

BRIDE'S CAKE HANDSOMELY ORNAMENTED.

Also all kinds of Plain and Fancy Cakes.

ICE CREAM AND ICES in Fancy or Plain Forms, with the different flavors.

9 16m ROBERT G. ANDERSON.

ARMSTRONG & BLACKLIN,

Importers of

EUROPEAN FANCY GOODS,

Clocks, Bronzes, Vases, Statuettes, Marble Pedestals, &c.

OUR GAS FIXTURE DEPARTMENT is complete, with a large and beautiful assortment of GILT, GLASS, AND BRONZE CHANDELIERS, with every variety of

Globes, Porcelain, and Mica Shades, Shades for Wax Flowers, &c.

No. 223 FULTON STREET,

And Court street, cor. of Union.

N. B.—Plumbing and Gas Fitting done in all its branches.

jan 19 3m.

IF THE BABY IS CUTTING TEETH

Use that old and well-tried remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,

Which greatly facilitates the process, and is sure to regulate the bowels. It relieves the child from pain-corrects acidity and wind colic, and by giving the infant quiet, natural sleep, gives rest to the mother.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
For Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
Is pleasant to take.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
Is perfectly safe.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
Soothes the Child.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
Gives rest to the Child.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
Gives rest to the Mother.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
Sold by all Druggists.

THE LAW OF MARRIAGE.—A Review of the Injustice of our Existing Marriage Legislation, by C. L. JAMES.

For sale by the Author, Louisiana, Mo. d8

THE BROOKLYN UNION

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,

Cor. Fulton and Front Sts., Brooklyn.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL WORK IN EVERY STYLE.

ESTIMATES CAREFULLY PREPARED.

A—NOTHING

So enhances the beauty of a lady as a pretty shaped foot, and it depends as much on a good fitting boot as on the foot itself. By calling at

MANSFIELD'S, 301 Fulton Street,

The ladies can find among the Spring styles from New York, just the kind of boot to show off their feet to advantage.

BLANK BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.

FRANCIS & LOUTREL,

45 MAIDEN LANE.

All kinds of first-class Account Books, Paper and Stationery for business, professional and private use, at moderate prices. Job Printing, Engraving, Lithographic Work, and Book Binding of every style.

Please call, or send your orders.

C. H. RIVERS' DANCING ACADEMY,

175 STATE, CORNER OF COURT ST.,

BROOKLYN.

All the FASHIONABLE DANCES TAUGHT in ONE QUARTER. The Classes are so arranged that beginners can commence at any time.

Soirees and Matinees Free to Pupils.

For Terms and Hours of Instruction, send for a Circular. o20 6m

---

CATHARINE DE MEDICIS AND HER TIMES.

Miss Virginia F. Townsend, the widely known authoress, has recently entered the lecture-field.

The subject, "Catharine de Medicis and her Times," covering, as it does, one of the most interesting eras of modern history, has been listened to with breathless delight by her audiences.

This lecture is no dry, historic essay. Although it has been prepared with the greatest care and fidelity to facts, the grand actors in the great drama become real and living personages, as they move past under the magic of the speaker's eloquence.

Miss Townsend has worked out a series of historic pictures felicitous for color and life; and among these are Philip the Second, and William of Orange, and Mary Stuart, and Queen Elizabeth, and Jeanne D'Albret, and Margaret of Valois, and other figures of immortal men and women who did their work for good or evil in the long tragedy of those times.

Lyceum Committees or others desirous of hearin Miss Townsend can obtain full information by address ing her at the office of THE REVOLUTION.

AGENTS! READ THIS!

WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY of $30 PER WEEK and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new wonderful inventions. Address, M. WAGNER & CO., d8 3m Marshall, Mich.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL JOURNAL.

A NEWSPAPER FOR TEACHERS, SCHOLARS, PARENTS, AND EVERYBODY INTERESTED IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

It will contain each week the proceedings of the Board of Education, and also of the Local Boards; the "Roll of Merit" comprising the names of the boys and girls in the Public Schools of New York, Brooklyn and vicinity, who stand at the head of their respective classes; articles from the pens of the leading educators and school officials; all the personal news and items of interest connected with our Public Schools, and a careful selection of all information pertaining to Public Education.

No Teacher or Scholar should fail to read the "Public School Journal."

Subscription, $2.50 per year; Single copies 5 cents. Published by STOUT & COUGHLIN, 119 Nassau Street, Room 2, New York.

NEW INVENTION OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH—Without plates or clasps—can be inserted without extracting any decayed teeth or stumps, by which means will preserve your natural expression, which is generally disfigured after your teeth or stumps are extracted; the roots made inoffensive, and warranted never to ache. The most painful decayed teeth and stumps restored by filling and building up with oroplastic to original shape and color without pain. My motto is preservation, and not extraction. All operations warranted. Thousands of testimonials can be seen at the inventors, DR. S. B. SIGESMOND, Surgeon-Dentist to the Woman's Hospital, No. 63 EAST NINTH STREET, near Broadway, late of Union quare. o20

The Illustrated Excelsior Magazine.

Has been reduced from $2.50 to $1.00, and is now *One of th cheapest in the world.* The illustrations *alone* are perheaps worth more than the cost, and the beautiful *Steel Engraving* of Evangeline postage etc., being sent, is *given.* Size of paper on which the steel engraving is printed is 2 feet by 19 inches. The Magazine contains *Stories, Pictures, Puzzles Music, A Lady's Department,* with illustrations of Ladies' patterns; a *Youth's Department,* &c., &c.

I hereby specially offer the Magazine for *one year* also this splendid *Steel Engraving,* for the regular subscription price, $1.00, and 8 cts. for postage and packing of engraving on roller. Sample copy 10 cts. Address the Publisher, C. L. Van Allen, 171 Broadway, New York.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is widely known as one of the most effectual remedies ever discovered for cleansing the system and purifying the blood. It has stood the test of years, with a constantly growing reputation, based on its intrinsic virtues, and sustained by its remarkable cures. So mild as to be safe and beneficial to children, and yet so searching as to effectually purge out the great corruptions of the blood, such as the scrofulous and syphilitic contamination. Impurities, or diseases that have lurked in the system for years, soon yield to this powerful antidote, and disappear. Hence its wonderful cures, many of which are publicly known, of **Scrofula,** and all scrofulous diseases, **Ulcers, Eruptions,** and eruptive disorders of the skin, **Tumors, Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Pustules, Sores, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm,** and internal **Ulcerations of the Uterus, Stomach, and Liver.** It also cures other complaints, to which it would not seem especially adapted, such as **Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Fits, Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Female Weakness, Debility,** and **Leucorrhœa,** when they are manifestations of the scrofulous poisons.

It is an excellent restorer of health and strength in the Spring. By renewing the appetite and vigor of the digestive organs, it dissipates the depression and listless languor of the season. Even where no disorder appears, people feel better, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. The system moves on with renewed vigor and a new lease of life.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Ladies',

Misses' and Childrens'

GYPSIES, ROUND, RUSTIC and SHADE HATS a Speciality. STRAW HATS made to match suits in any shape desired. FINE FEATHERS, FRENCH FLOWERS, RIBBONS, GROSS GRAIN SILKS and VELVETS ON BIAS, &c., &c.

BALCH, PRICE & CO.,

(Late Bigelow & Co.),

195 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

m. 30 3 m

LADY CANVASSERS WANTED TO sell a fine, new Religious Picture.

Apply to J. MORRIS,

200 Fulton St., Brooklyn.

ANNA KIMBALL, M. D.

(CLAIRVOYANT,)

Office Hours, 9 A. M. until 5 P. M.

Residence 639, Sixth Avenue,

Corner Forty-second St.

AGENTS WANTED

FOR THE

COLBY WRINGER

WITH

MOULTON'S PATENT INDESTRUCTIBLE ROLLS.

Nothing sells so well as articles that are needed in families, and nothing is needed more than a good Clothes Wringer, and there is none so cheap or good as the Colby, or that will pay the canvasser so well. Extraordinary liberal inducements offered and territory guaranteed by certificate. For descriptive circular and terms, address

COLBY BROS. & CO.,

tf 508 Broadway, New York.

FREDERICK LOESER,

291 FULTON STREET.

We open on

MONDAY, the 16th inst.,

The first portion of our Spring importations of

FRENCH RIBBONS,

In all the desirable Millinery and Sash widths, comprising the richest qualities in

FAILLE, TAFFETA, ROMAN REPS, AND TARTANS.

In all the various clans.

We have also in port, and will exhibit in a few days, a magnificent collection of the finest Coventry make of

BROCHE TARTANS,

After the new original designs of

Mr. SCOTT ADDIE, of London.

These goods are exactly the same as have been prepared for a leading London house, for the Court trade of the approaching season, and special attention is therefore invited.

FREDERICK LOESER,

291 FULTON STREET.

We have purchased, for cash, of the Nottingham Manufacturing Co. (limited), five cases of

ENGLISH HOSIERY,

on the bases of 63 cents on the dollar, which we shall offer for sale on

MONDAY NEXT,

THE 6TH INST., 6TH INST., 6TH INST.

They comprise 165 dozen

CHILDREN'S FULL REGULAR WHITE COTTON HOSE, AT 25 CTS. PER PAIR.

144 dozen LADIES' GENUINE IRON-FRAME HOSE, At 25 cts. per pair.

110 dozen EXTRA LONG ENGLISH HOSE, 38 cts. per pair.

118 dozen EXTRA LONG ENGLISH HOSE, very fine, At [illegible] cts. per pair.

82 dozen LADIES' BALBRIGGAN EMBROIDERED HOSE, at 37 cts. per pair.

ALSO,

303 pieces BLACK GUIPIRE LACE, in five different patterns, at 90 cts. per yard.

We invite special attention to the above article, as we guarantee that the above announcement of their purchase at 63 cents on the dollar is entirely correct.

FREDERICK LOESER,

291 Fulton Street,

We offer a rich

FRENCH TWIST FRINGE

At 50c. per yard

also,

A line of NARROW BLACK GIMP HEADINGS at 25c. per yard, about half their actual value.

WANTED—AGENTS, ($20.00 PER DAY) to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING-MACHINE. Has the *under-feed*, makes the "*lock-stitch*" (alike on both sides), and is *fully licensed*. The best and cheapest family Sewing-Machine in the market. Address, JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. sep15 1y

---

READ THIS!

The Lowest Price List ever Published of

WATCHES,

In Solid Gold and Coin Silver Cases Only.

BENEDICTS' TIME WATCH.

PRICES.

Silver Watch, Ovington Benedict	$ 30.00
Gold (18 k.)	90.00
Silver Watch, Samuel W. Benedict	45.00
Gold (18 kt.)	105.00

AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCHES.

PRICES.

Coin Silver Hunting Watches	$18.00
Gold Hunting Watches, Gent's Sizes	70.50
Gold Hunting Watches, Ladies' Sizes	75.00

Sent to all parts of the country by express, with privilege to examine before paying.

Send for a Price List, and compare prices before purchasing elsewhere.

BENEDICT BROTHERS,

JEWELERS AND KEEPERS OF THE CITY TIME

691 Broadway, New York,

Near Fourth street. ap27

E. W. NICHOLS,

Nos. 212 and 214

FULTON STREET,

Cor. Pineapple, BROOKLYN

Dealer in

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

SILVER-PLATED WARE,

FIRE IRONS AND STANDS, FINE TEA TRAYS,

Table and Pocket Cutlery,

Fancy Coal Vases and Hods, Fine Bird Cages.

FEATHER DUSTERS,

Carriage Jacks and Stable Pails,

CHAMOIS SKINS AND SPONGES.

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

Together with a full assortment of

KITCHEN FURNITURE & COOKING UTENSILS.

o30 1y

VINEGAR BITTERS

VEGETABLE — FREE FROM — PURELY — CALIFORNIA — ALCOHOLIC — D^R. WALKER'S — VINEGAR BITTERS

J. WALKER, Proprietor. R. H. McDONALD & Co., Druggists and Gen. Ag'ts, San Francisco, Cal., and 32 & 34 Commerce St. N. Y.

HALLUNS Bear Testimony to their Wonderful Curative Effects.

They are not a vile **Fancy Drink,** Made of **Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors,** doctored, spiced and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the native roots and herbs of California, **free from all Alcoholic Stimulants.** They are the **GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and A LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE,** a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also, the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver, and all the Visceral Organs.

FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS, whether in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or at the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters have no equal.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these **Bitters** have been most successful. **Such Diseases** are caused by **Vitiated Blood,** which is generally produced by derangement of the **Digestive Organs.**

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the Stomach and stimulate the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render them of unequaled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

FOR SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-Worms, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

Pin, Tape and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. Says a distinguished physiologist, there is scarcely an individual upon the face of the earth whose body is exempt from the presence of worms. It is not upon the healthy elements of the body that worms exist, but upon the diseased humors and slimy deposits that breed these living monsters of disease. No system of Medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

J. WALKER, Proprietor. R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and General Agents, San Francisco, California, and 32 and 34 Commerce Street, New York

SUSAN M. SMITH, M. D.

243 PEARL STREET, BROOKLYN.

OFFICE HOURS—From 9 to 11 A.M.
2 to 5 P.M. o30 m9

AGENTS WANTED—($225 A MONTH) by the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO. BOSTON, MASS., or ST. LOUIS, MO. sep22 26t

BRADBURY PIANO.

ESTABLISHED 1854.

WAREROOMS—427 BROOME ST., N. Y.

A Liberal Discount to Ministers, Colleges, Teachers and Schools.

F. G. SMITH & CO.,
(Sucessor to WM. B. BRADBURY.)
F. G. SMITH. H. T. McCOUN

THE NEW
FAMILY SEWING MACHINE!

294 BOWERY EMPIRE. 294 BOWERY

The extraordinary success of their new and improved manufacturing Machines for light or heavy work has induced the EMPIRE SEWING MACHINE Co. to manufacture a NEW FAMILY MACHINE of the same style and construction, with additional ornamentation, making it equal in beauty and finish with other Family Machines, whereas in usefulness, it far outstrips all competitors. The price of this ow acknowledged necessary article comes within reach of every class; and the Company is prepared to offer the most liberal inducements to buyers, dealers, and agents. Apply for Circulars and Samples to E. S. M. COMPANY, 294 BOWERY, N. Y.

S. B. JONES,

276 *Fulton Street, Brooklyn.*

Magnificent stock of

LADIES' TRIMMINGS IN FRINGES,
GIMPS, GUIPURE LACE, SATINS,
BUTTONS, &c.

The completest assortment of

FINE FRENCH RIBBONS

to be found in the city.

ALL THE NEW SHADES IN ALL WIDTHS TO MATCH.

FINE REAL LACE GOODS,

FLOWERS AND FEATHERS.

STANDARD SMALL WARES in full assortment.

ATTENTION.

We OPEN THIS DAY a stock of the most elegant Victoria Cord Ladies' Slippers in colors, ever presented to the public, at prices unsurpassed, viz.: One dollar per pair; former price one dollar and fifty cents. Call and secure a pair.

MANSFIELD'S,
301 Fulton Street.

PH. DIEFFENBACH-TRUCHSESS AND DR. F. BRAUNEIS, DENTISTS,
No. 389 CANAL STREET,
sep1 26t New York.

FREE—OUR "BUSINESS GUIDE." $10 a day to male or female, or $5,000 a year conditionally. Send 2 stamps for postage. d29 3m
REVIEW PUBLISHING CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

FIVE TO TEN DOLLARS PER DAY.—Men, women, boys and girls who engage in our new business make from $5 TO $10 PER DAY in their own localities. Full particulars and instructions sent free by mail. Those in need of permanent, profitable work, should address at once. GEORGE STINSO & Co., Portland, Maine.

COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION

Originated the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas and extract Teeth absolutely *without* Pain. Headquarters, 19 Cooper Union. tf

THEA-NECTAR
IS A PURE
BLACK TEA,

with the *Green Tea Flavor.* Warranted to suit all tastes. *For sale everywhere.* And for sale wholesale only by the GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA CO., 8 Church St., New York. P. O. Box 5506. *Send for Thea-Nectar Circular.*

CHARLES E. SMITH,

UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS, GOLD AND SILVER MOUNTED WALKING CANES ON HAND, ALSO ORNAMENTED TO ORDER.

REPARING DONE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Old No. 158, New No. 170 Fulton Street.
m. 30. 6 m

DOCTOR PIERCE'S
ALT. EXT. OR
Golden Medical Discovery

CURES DISEASES OF THE
THROAT, LUNGS, LIVER & BLOOD.

In the wonderful medicine to which the afflicted are above pointed for relief, the discoverer believes he has combined *in harmony* more of Nature's most sovereign curative properties, which God has instilled into the vegetable kingdom for healing the sick, than were ever before combined in one medicine. The evidence of this fact is found in the great variety of most obstinate diseases which it has been found to conquer. In the cure of **Bronchitis, Severe Coughs,** and the early stages of **Consumption,** it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. While it cures the severest Coughs, it strengthens the system and **purifies the blood.** By its great and thorough blood purifying properties, it cures all **Humors** from the worst **Scrofula** to a common **Blotch, Pimple or Eruption.** Mercurial disease, Mineral Poisons, and their effects are eradicated, and vigorous health and a sound constitution established. **Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Scaly or Rough Skin,** in short, all the numerous diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying and invigorating medicine.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, low spirits, and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from **Torpid Liver** or **"Biliousness."** In many cases of **"Liver Complaint"** only part of these symtoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect cures, leaving the liver strengthened and healthy. For the cure of **Habitual Constipation** of the Bowels it is a never failing remedy, and those who have used it for this purpose are loud in its praise.

The proprietor offers $1,000 reward for a medicine that will equal it for the cure of all the diseases for which it is recommended.

Sold by druggists at $1 per bottle. Prepared by R. V. Pierce, M. D., Sole Proprietor, at his Chemical Laboratory, 133 Seneca Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Send your address for a pamphlet.